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WORKS OF GRENVILLE MELLEN.

MARTYR'S TRIUMPH AND OTHER POEMS: BY GRENVILLE MELLEN. BOSTON: LILLY, WAIT, COLMAN & HOLDEN. 1833.

IN entering upon a review of this very neat volume of poems, which Mr. Mellen has lately put forth to the world, and recollecting the high rank, which, by a very general accord, has been awarded to him among American poets; we feel, alike, the responsibility which rests upon the reviewer when perfect critical candor is his object, and participation in the patriotic interest which attaches to the author, who thus adds another link to the chain, which is to sustain the literary reputation of our country. This reputation is not, as yet, determinately established. Materials, it is true, have not been wanting; and architects and artists, in goodly numbers, have already demonstrated their talents and zeal, as co-operators in the great design:—but the edifice is still incomplete.

As a people, flourishing beyond all precedent, under the influence of those physical and political advantages, with which we are endowed, we have excited in European minds a keen observation, and almost universal interest. In reference to the science of government, indeed, now become the cardinal and engrossing topic of the civilized world, we hold an original and primary attitude;—drawing our lessons from the deep well of common sense, and modelling our system on the fine dictates of nature and the rights of man. In politics, therefore, we imitate nothing from abroad,—but rather are, ourselves, objects of imitation. But far otherwise in letters and the arts. In this department of intellectual being, we have, as yet, no alternative but to confess inferiority and adolescence. Yet we are far from admitting more than a temporary delinquency. We are ambitious rather to prove, against the tenor of a prevailing maxim, that literature, in its fullest and widest sense, may flourish without the adventitious aids of aristocratic patronage and luxurious tastes. Nor have we been hitherto without some earnest of success,—some encouraging demonstrations, that our aim is not futile, nor our object visionary. In the department of poetry, to which our attention will now be more particularly called, the writers whom we may enrol, as purely American, already fill out a catalogue, which, in point of numbers, at least, is any thing but discouraging. But here arises our first cause of distrust; knowing well, that, in the great and patriotic object

which lies before us,—an object, concerning which no enlightened American can be indifferent,—we mean the formation of a national school of poetry,—the danger of indiscriminate sanction and applause is the danger most to be apprehended. In the faithful and energetic pursuance of this object, therefore, it must not be forgotten, that the rod of criticism, in the exercise of its chastising power, is not less salutary than the word of encouragement, and the hand of patronage. We know, indeed, the withering blight that comes over the young poet's feelings, when the cold and unsympathising hand of the reviewer applies the literary dissecting knife, and reduces the radiant fabric of an etherialized imagination to the test of a rigid analysis. We know how often are the charges of severity, of acrimony, of malevolence, cast upon the critic, for his dispassionate verdict; and the imputation of a design to crush or discourage the essays of native genius, alleged against his judgment or his heart. But a national school of poetry can be desirable only, in proportion to its degree of excellence. Pre-eminent excellence alone should be our standard:—excellence, whose home is singly in that "proud temple" of Fame, which "shines afar," and aloft, and up whose steep,

"Oh! who can tell how hard it is to climb?"

We do not mean to imply that poetic merit has no existence beyond the precincts of fame; that there is no gem latent in the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean."—But that intrinsic excellence will, generally, if not always, overcome adventitious obstacles, rise superior to the machinations of false criticism, and place itself at last in that niche of the temple, which may be appropriated to its class. It is enough that the way is clear of either physical, or political impediment; that the age is a literary age; that the community is a reading community. If, with these facilities to success, the poet find no encouragement; if, on this arena, he gain no laurels—the fault must be his own, and severe criticism is justified.

It is true, the characteristic of the age is utilitarian; and it has even become fashionable, in some circles, to class poetry among the unserviceable developments of the human mind.—But this delusion will not last long. The time will come, "and the man," we trust, who will enforce the power, and illustrate the utility of poetry, in reference to its high office of elevating and refining the human mind, and with it, the most endearing relations of intellectual existence. But while we would thus deprecate the rise of a forced and artificial school of poetry, and recommend the constant scrutiny of a stern criticism, as the only present corrective of the hot-bed growth; we would still invoke from patronage all just favor and encouragement, and from criticism a vigilant exercise of her highest and best office, the development and elucidation of the poet's actual merits. We have no patience with that miserable spirit, which loves to dabble in grammatical hypercriticisms, and pounces upon an error of tense as if, to adopt a very ludicrous allusion as an illustration, it had "found a mare's nest." Extravagant grammatical license, it is true, is pernicious even in poetry, and should not be passed over without censure: but, to a certain extent, the poet's range has been liberalized by universal consent; and it is too often the case that over-adherence to the rules of what is termed strict composition, will produce a faultless, but no less graceless, work.

Grenville, the eldest son of the Hon. Prentiss Mellen, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, was born at Biddeford, in that state, on the 19th June, 1799. He graduated at Harvard University, in 1818, when he delivered a Poem, which afforded a base whereon to form a presage of the high reputation, which his works have since obtained. Two years after this, he was admitted to the bar of the County of Cumberland, where he continued to practice in his profession until the last year, when he removed his residence to Boston. His professional career has been creditable, throughout; notwithstanding the undivided attention which the law, that "coy mistress," is popularly thought ever to claim at the hands of her votaries. As if to contradict the narrow notion, that a man of genius can cultivate but one talent at a time, although possessed of ten, Mr. Mellen at one period very successfully divided his attention between the law, the muse, and the editorship of a commercial newspaper. His supervision of the Portland Advertiser for a while in 1828-9,—the authorship, in 1831, of some admirable correspondence from Washington and Richmond,—from the latter place, especially, during, and concerning the subject of the great debate upon the slave question,—for the same paper,—and an occasional and frequent contribution of articles to the pages of the North American Review, the Annuals, and the various literary periodicals of our country,—are his principal efforts in the editorial, and miscellaneous literary, departments. In 1830, he delivered a poem before the Cambridge Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa, a performance which was received with decided approbation. He is also the author of an amusing volume of romance, entitled "Sad Tales and glad Tales, by Reginald Reverie;" some portions of which have been transferred to English magazines, as original. "Our Chronicle of '26," being a satirical poem of considerable merit, also procured for our author some *eclat*, during a period much less brief than usually marks the duration of such ephemera "upon the surface of occasion."—And these, we believe, are the principal productions of Mr. Mellen's pen, not included in the volume, a perusal of which has elicited from us the foregoing remarks upon the literary character and taste of the age, and which is to afford us occasion for more particular allusion hereafter.

The prevailing temper of Mellen's muse, seems to be that of seriousness—we might say of piety. The flight is always most spirited and inspiring, when heavenward. In many of his pieces we observe a pervading tone of metaphysical sadness, and oftentimes he is allured even to the seventh heaven of a sublimated casuistry. Again, he loves to revel in the realms where imagination holds uncontrolled dominion. But Mr. Mellen's pen never flows more to our taste than when his theme is home, and the fond endearments of social life. We are ever ready to rejoice when we discern any new evidence, among our writers, of a growing taste for simplicity. Byron's genius, for a long time has held an imperious control over the minds of our young poets, and by an effulgence as dazzling as it was unrivalled, given currency to that Satanic school of poetry, which, imitating the defects, rather than the beauties, of a mighty genius, for a season so gloomily lowered above the literary horizon of the times. But, to the disgusting egotism and misanthropic acerbity of that school, we are no longer reconciled by the wizzard spell of a spirit most transcendent; and chastity and simplicity are again recognized as inseparable concomitants of true taste.

The volume opens with what is avowedly the principal poem of the collection, and on which, the author would, probably, be as willing to rest his poetic reputation, as upon any other.—“The Martyr’s Triumph,” is founded on a most interesting passage of history, detailed in an extract with which the poem is prefaced—the principal point of which, is the devotion of a Christian neophyte, inducing him to perish at the stake, rather than to betray his persecuted teacher; and his firm yet tempered demeanor, causing a heathen soldier to perish with him, rather than become his executioner.

The poem opens with a beautiful invocation to conscience, or that spiritual emanation from the divinity, within us, which constitutes the intellectual man. As a fair specimen of Mr. Mellen’s style, both of thought and language, we extract this entire, sure that it must give pleasure to all true lovers of poetry in its highest sense.

I.

VOICE of the viewless spirit! that hast rung
Through the still chambers of the human heart,
Since our first parents in sweet Eden sung
Their low lament in tears—thou voice, that art
Around us and above us, sounding on
With a perpetual echo, ’tis on thee,
The ministry sublime to wake and warn!—
Full of that high and wondrous Deity,
That call’d existence out from Chaos’ lonely sea!

II.

Voice that art heard through every age and clime,
Commanding, like a trumpet, every ear
That lends no heeding to the sounds of Time,
Seal’d up, for ay, from cradle to the bier!
Thatallest, like a watchman’s through the night,
Round those who sit in joy, and those who weep,
Yet startling all men with thy tones of might—
O voice that dwellest in the hallow’d deep
Of our own bosom’s silence—eloquent in sleep!

III.

That comest in the clearness of thy power,
Amid the crashing battle’s wild uproar,
Stern as at peaceful midnight’s leaden hour;
That talkest by the ocean’s bellowing shore,
When surge meets surge in revelry, and lifts
Its booming voice above the weltering sea;
That risest loudly mid the roaring cliffs,
And o’er the deep-mouth’d thunder goest free,
E’en as the silver tones of quiet infancy!

IV.

Spirit of God! what sovereignty is thine!
Thine is no homage of the bended knee;
Thou hast of vassalage no human sign;
Yet monarchs hold no royal rule like thee!
Unlike the crowned idols of our race,
Thou dost no earthly pomp about thee cast,
Thou tireless sentinel of elder days!—
Who, who to CONSCIENCE doth not bow at last,
Old Arbiter of Time—the present and the past!

V.

Thou wast from God when the green earth was young,
And man, enchanted, roved amid its flowers;
When faultless woman to his bosom clung,
Or led him through her paradise of bowers;

Where love's low whispers from the Garden rose,
And both amid its bloom and beauty bent,
In the long luxury of their first repose!
When the whole earth was incense, and there went
Perpetual praise from altars to the firmament.

VI.

O, being of the sky!—could I declare
Thy majesty of birth—thy proud descent—
The image of the glorious thou didst bear,
When God's first bow above creation bent:
Could I proclaim some story of thy power,
Or wake some long forgotten note again,
That thrill'd the listener in some happier hour,
My humble lyre perchance might yield a strain,
Which, tho' a weary one, had not been struck in vain.

He then passes to man, the inheritor of this immortal attribute of the
"Eternal world," and depicts the principles and motives which constitute
him a reflective and devotional being.

XV.

He wanders where the flowers, with silent breath,
By secret fountains bend in reverence;
Their glorious bloom yet unacquaint with death,
But pouring to the air their hoarded scents.
He asks—who rear'd ye in these lonely ways,
To scatter beauty thro' the forest wild?
And lo! the answer of perpetual praise!
New fragrance gathers on the evening mild—
He passes mid its sweets, instructed like a child!

XVI.

He gets him to the mountains—the old towers
That lift them yet around the peopled land;
Whereon the tempest-monarch sits and lowers;
The giants of the earth—the ancient band!
He asks; why loom ye thro' that cloudy veil
With shaggy sides, and forehead bald and riven
And from those mighty statues, cas'd in mail,
Already the unchang'd response is given
Behold!—in silent prayer, their summits point to Heaven!

XVII.

He questions the loud winds, at eventide,
When they lift up their voices with a shout,
As if some spirit from the darkness cried,
And bade the storms to revelry come out!
He asks—why sweep ye thro' the hollow sky?
Whence come ye?—whither go?—and at the word,
An answer stoopeth o'er him from on high—
The anthem of the winds!—sublimely heard
Down in earth's deepest dells—where every leaf is stirred!

XVIII.

He calls upon the pinion'd clouds to stay
Upon their trackless course, and answer him;
Why sail ye on your far and solemn way,
And with your shadowy pomp day's glory dim?
But lo! the broad-winged couriers of their God
Answer in thunder as they wheel above,
Making the ever-during hills to nod;
Or, lighting on the tir'd world like a dove,
Tell, in the whispering rain, their messages of love.

XIX.

Then to the broad blue bosom of the sea,
Just heaving in creation's morning time,

And dancing to the white shore joyously,
 To the dulce music of its measur'd chime,
 He turns with upthrown arms, and flashing brow!
 'O, ocean, many-voiced! untried profound!
 Tell me, to what old sceptre dost *thou* bow—
 With all thy thronging waters, and the sound
 As of ten thousand victor armies trampling round!

XX.

He listens—and a voice as from the caves
 Of the unsearched ocean upward swells,
 And in the mingled tongues of all its waves,
 Its deep-toned tale of adoration tells;
 'My worship goeth up from day to day,
 And up, from age to age, shall still ascend
 To the great Infinite whom I obey!
 The chorus of my billows, as they bend,
 Rejoicing, from mid sea to earth's remotest end!

XXI.

Then to the host that gleams above his head;
 The starry eyes that sentinel the world;
 That through the heavenly harmony still shed
 New beauty on a universe unfurl'd,
 Once more he would appeal. With brow uprais'd,
 He standeth dumb beneath their loveliness!
 No word—no breath!—but stricken and amaz'd,
 He feels within the eloquent excess,
 And, taugth of all the elements, kneels down to bless.

* * * * *

This extract, notwithstanding its length, is too full of exquisite poetry to be abbreviated. Indeed, excepting the single word *dulce*, in the 19th stanza, which is not English, and is an affectation unworthy of the taste and talents of Mr. Mellen, the whole passage will bear a comparison with any poetry, we care not how excellent or high lauded. We cannot but think, however, that some culling and pruning might have been advantageously applied to several of the succeeding stanzas, extending, in Canto I. to the number of forty-eight, and which aid but little in developing the story, or elucidating the narrative. There are passages, however, in these stanzas, of redeeming merit, and considerable power.

Canto II. opens with an introduction of the Christian pilgrim, in the following calm and melancholy lines,

I.

To England's isle there came, in early time,
 While yet the Roman eagle hover'd there,
 A persecuted man. A warmer clime
 Had brown'd his cheek, but his calm brow was fair;
 And thought, in meek and pallid beauty, sat
 In fixedness upon him. A deep eye
 Glean'd from the shelter of his shadowy hat,
 And glanc'd full often to the stormy sky,
 Where the up-gathering company of clouds went by.

II.

O'er sea and hill and valley he had fled,
 Long days and nights, a sad and weary way;
 And oft he wish'd him with the sainted dead,
 When at the eve by pilgrim fount he lay,
 Or when by holy cross he knelt in prayer
 Under the flooding light of yonder dome,
 And thought upon the curse that drove him there—

A hearth all desolate—a ruin'd home,
And all the thousand woes that bade him forth to roam.

III.

He had seen sorrow. Not that long decay
Of the sweet flowers of life that round us bloom,
So slow, that, tho' departed, yet they stay,
In the still incense of their early tomb;
Not in the quiet fading of the light
Of Hope's stars one by one—in solitude;
But in the blasting gloom of sudden night;
In his heart's blossoms crushed by hands o'er-rude,
Where all he lov'd—his blest, his beautiful had stood.

Having fled from persecution in his own country, he finds himself still the object of persecution in England; "the victim of a hard and heathen hate." He still journeys onward, still hunted like a beast of prey, till at length overdone with weariness and sorrow, and hearing the pursuer's shout behind him, he halts before "a low browed gate and humble pile."—Within this "low-browed gate" he finds shelter, though the apartment which he enters seems to be entirely deserted, save by the images and symbols of pagan worship. Aware, by these tokens, that he had sought refuge with no other than an infidel, and perhaps an enemy, yet

XI.

He turn'd not—fled not—he had been
Too long to sights and sounds of death allied—
The blasting things of life too oft had seen
To cower in fear—the tortur'd and the tried!
He firmer grasp'd the talisman he wore,
And while the censer veil'd him like a cloud,
He bow'd his head upon that rocky floor,
And *there*, forth from a pilgrim's lowly shroud,
Ascended God's first sacrifice—he pray'd aloud!

The heathen owner of the mansion grants him pity, welcome and protection. The welcome thus bestowed, seems to have been the result of a kindling persuasion of the truth of the Christian religion, "for he had heard of Jesus," and had been seriously impressed, while a witness of the pilgrim's devotions.

Thus is effected the conversion of Alban to Christianity, in an age, and under a dynasty, which blazed with persecution in its direst forms. A long and sympathetic communion of religious feeling, follows between the pilgrim, and the penitent, who often joins in hallowed brotherhood,—

"——at one common footstool to outpour
One common tribute,—while their spirits melt,
Until their thousand fountains have run o'er,
And to them comes a voice,—'depart, and sin no more!'"

* * * * *

XXXIV.

Thus they outwatched the stars. There were no hours
To measure such communion—and behold!
Already herald morn is on the towers
Of the tall forest wood—the dim and old!
But hark! what sudden din is bursting round!
What hoarse rude voices on the listeners fall!
The noise of trampling feet—a crashing sound
Is rolling up thro' chamber and thro' hall,
And for the 'Christian dog' they loud and louder call!

XXXV.

A light on Alban's marble visage spread,
 And white-lipped fear a moment mounted there ;
 Then o'er that cold complexion of the dead,
 Shot the quick blood in one tumultuous flare,
 'Tis as I dreamt—thy hellish foes are near !
 Christian—I know that vulture shriek too well—
 They're here !—the persecuting fiends are here !
 But that foul death on Alban's hearth befell
 A Pilgrim of the Cross, no Heathen lip shall tell.'

XXXVI.

Firm as his everlasting Faith he stood—
 That earth-forsaken man ! his pallid brow
 Bathed in the risen morning as a flood,
 Never so glorious and so calm as now
 'It is the trial hour,' he cried—'and I
 Am ready to be offered—lead the way—
 I'll forth and meet them—for 'tis but to die !
 And oh ! it seems but weary to delay,
 When on my sight unbars this near Eternity !'

XXXVII.

Already to the threshold he had sprung,
 With step undaunted, and with cross upraised ;
 But Alban forth his arm impatient flung,
 While round the coming torches flashed and blazed ;
 'Go not—I charge thee, Christian !—tarry not,
 But follow with quick feet—'tis not for thee
 To pour thy blood on this polluted spot—
 Doubt not—nor waver—wilt thou trust to me ?
 Their hands have met ; one look, and on their path they flee !

XXXVIII.

Quick to a low browed postern they had pressed,
 That in the shadow of the morning lay,
 Where Alban thus the Wanderer addressed ;
 'Now forth, thou wayworn man, and speed thy way,
 Tempt not thy God—he calls, he calls thee hence—
 Thy pilgrimage of duty is not o'er ;
 On, to thy ministry of penitence—
 And for thy cassock-garb, take this—no more !
 Thy holy heart full soon shall find a happier shore !'

XXXIX.

In haste his hair-cloth from his shoulders flung,
 One glance that kindling eye on Alban bent ;
 'Brother, we meet again,' the quick words rung ;
 And on his sounding pathway swift he went,
 Into the forest solitudes. But ere
 Its deeps closed round him, that Repentant son,
 With bounding step, and cheek unblenched by fear,
 His march of wo already had begun—
 He stood, in his rude cloak, the revellers among !

Alban, now triumphing in his new faith, and resolute in his disinterested purpose of saving his friend, is dragged before the Roman governor, certain that he must perish ; yet proudly faces his foes, as if glorying in the honors of expected martyrdom. He is taken to the presence of the Roman chief, whose tribunal is erected under the shade of a neighboring oak ; and, after many scoffs and revilings and a summary judgment, is condemned to the alternative of death or a formal recantation of his new belief:

' Bear in the traitor—his own walls shall hear
The voice of abjuration—and a vow,
A vow to Jove!—or, by the gods we fear,
Unto the bitter dust his head shall bow,
And pride's curst diadem depart that crowns it now!

XLVI.

And Alban stands within the idol hall,
Where young Repentance found him. He had heard
A voice in stern command that bade him fall
Before the Roman marbles!—at the word
His willing knees already earthward bend;
His locked and quivering hands above his head;
And to the Christian's God his prayers ascend,
Mighty and masterless—as tho' outled
From his heart's sepulchre, a Presence from the dead!

XLVII.

'Twas the first prayer of tempted Faith. It rose
Serene and glorious, unappall'd, to Heaven,
In that resistless eloquence which goes
Up from the spirit when its founts are riven,
And an immortal courage closes round
Its all-illuminated way.

This heroic demonstration of his own inflexibility, seems but to aggravate the malice of his persecutors,—and he is led forth, accordingly, amidst insults and execrations, to his doom. This picture is admirably drawn: and then follow three admirable stanzas, describing the supernatural vision that salutes the martyr at his dissolution, which conclude the poem.

So liberally have we extracted from the "Martyr's Triumph," that we have no room left us for detailed comment.

The story is very judiciously selected; it is rich in poetic association, and abounds with scenes and incidents, which cannot fail, presented as they are, in the rich and flowing verse of the poem before us, to excite the deepest interest in the love of religion, as well as chivalry. And here we must part with the noble St. Alban, whose name has thus become classic, as well as heroic and sanctified,—to turn to the other poems composing the volume, giving a passing comment upon them, as they are consecutively presented to our view.

"The Light of Letters," is a finished and beautiful production,—and seems to have been written on an occasion, and in a spirit, eminently congenial to the author's academic tastes. The versification is peculiarly smooth and harmonious, and the composition altogether fine. We marked several passages for quotation, but our limits forbid us to transfer them to these pages. It is a long time since we have read a passage more replete with the true spirit of poetry than the following:—The poet is speaking of Athens in her glory.

There Genius broke, in bolder forms to birth,
In works that woke, and then adorned the earth.
Against the heavens Olympian temples rose,
Over whose strength the tide of ages flows,
And yet, though scathed, severe and lone they stand,
Guarded by Beauty's time-defying wand!
There startling Eloquence in light came forth,
Like the wild radiance of the arrowy North;
There bards their rude historic visions sung,
And Art, enamoured, o'er her marble hung.

We have before us a fine picture of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, or rather of the "scathed" remnant of that temple, beautiful in its ruins; which certainly must have been present to the mind's eye of the poet, when he penned the above description. The artist has relieved the towering architrave against a dark gray sky, which throws it forth in almost luminous majesty, while the flat and desert appearance of the country round, contributes to augment, by contrast, its colossal grandeur, alike with its "severe and lonely" beauty. The comparison of the rising eloquence of Athens, to the Aurora Borealis, is conceived in the happiest vein of poetic spirit. We have fancied ourselves, as we have often been, abroad on a clear night in December, watching the bright and fitful coruscations of that mysterious phenomena, darting up its wild and "arrowy radiance."

At such a time, should this striking parallel of the poet but come across our mind, and were we led to reverse his construction, and compare that sparkling Aurora with the rise of Athenian light—how, how felicitous, how poetic should we deem the figure! how faithful, how picturesque the parallel!

The "Dream of the Sea," is an exceedingly beautiful effusion,—affording full play for the creative fancy, and an opportunity for the narrative style, withal, in which the author excels. We are reminded constantly of the dream of Clarence, in reading this, to which it bears an acknowledged resemblance; but this is much amplified, and interspersed with varied imagery, calling up moral reflections "from the vasty deep," in ample tide.

"The Voice of the Soul" is a composition of much merit, though written in a didactic vein, and without the aid of narrative to give it an interest to the general reader. It is founded on a tale, with which the piece is prefaced, shewing the undying power and importunity of conscience. Here again the poet finds himself on congenial ground, and indulges his favorite bias for profound ethical rumination, in a manner that proves his justness of thought, and eloquence of utterance.

"The Bridal," is a sketch of "young beauty at the altar," and it is very graceful, tender, and touching. We refrain from quotation here, as the piece is, altogether, not long, and we can extract no portion of it, without being tempted to transcribe the whole. And so of "Lines on an Eagle," no more spirited lines than which are to be found in the volume. "Ocean Music," may well be adduced as an illustration of the truly poetic mind, and the fervid glow of sentiment, characterizing our author. It is one of the most delightful emanations of his muse. Yet none but such as are themselves imbued with some small vein of poetic enthusiasm, can go and "sit upon the sullen rocks," that have been lashed for ages by the surge, gazing with "fine frenzy" on the sea,—and drink in music from the very chafing of its waters on the shore. But such there are: and to such do we most especially commend these lines.

For deep feeling and melancholy pathos, we have rarely, if ever, seen a piece of elegiac poetry superior to that entitled "Stanzas on the death of Julia;" although we cannot perceive the propriety of designating a piece of regular blank verse as stanzas. It is all sweet, though mournful,—impassioned though tender,—a vein of simple yet powerful eloquence, pervades the whole tale, descriptive of one of nature's surpassing creatures; a young and lovely one, too bright, "too lovely for this earth." And, excepting the

single fault that it is divided too frequently into the form of couplets, which is by no means suitable to the spirit of blank verse, is almost as beautiful in execution as in conception. "The Rest of Empires," is a poem in blank verse; it was pronounced before the Peace Society of Maine, in 1826, and peace, of course, is its theme. But the poet has by no means confined himself to this single argument. He soars away at the outset, from all local restraint, and from the very empyrean, as his point of view, "expatiates freely o'er this scene of man." The flight is, throughout, well sustained, and always sufficiently connected with the great moral of his subject. The metre of this piece, not liable to the charge preferred above, is always harmonious, often majestic, and not unfrequently spirited. We are compelled, by our limits, to pass over much that well deserves a favorable comment—much which, could we spare the space without doing wrong to other subjects, we would most gladly extract.

The "Ode on Music" is an essay of Mr. Mellen's muse, which, we confess, we witnessed with some marvel, when we first glanced at its title. For what modern poet, we ask, may escape the charge of temerity at least, who ventures upon ground already so triumphantly occupied by Gray's "Passions," or "Alexander's feast." Accordingly, in perusing it, we find our pleasure not a little impaired by the importunities of memory, though this effusion is by no means void of merit.

It is not, however, to the music of artificial sounds, that our author's homage is specially addressed, but to the melodies of nature,—to that mystic spell of harmony in all created things, which few but poets can feel, and none but the poet or skilful musician describe. And this is, perhaps, the subject which Mr. Mellen has treated with the greatest share of originality and of success. We come at length, after many omissions, to "The Buried Valley," of which we confess we are at a loss how to speak. We have made two pilgrimages to the wild and glorious scene in which the events related in the tale, are described as having taken place: and when we took up the poem, it was with anticipations of much pleasure from its perusal. We knew that Mr. Mellen had spent much time near the "Buried Valley," and that the magnificent scenery of the White Mountains of New Hampshire had already proved a fruitful source of inspiration to his muse. The remarkable event which the tale commemorates, though isolated and determinate, is yet so invested with thrilling and romantic associations, that the poet could scarcely find a richer theme for his minstrelsy. Mellen has not failed to seize upon the stronger elements of the subject, in the composition of his poem. He has sung in lofty measure, his invocation to the lofty mountains, and all their sublime associations of clouds, and storms, and floods, and interwoven many little touches of moral reflection, drawn from the well of his own rich mind. Still, as a whole, the poem has disappointed us. It wants perspicuity, connexion, and that simplicity to which we have already alluded, as so desirable, so indispensable, in our opinion, to poetic perfection. Although we apply this remark specially to the "Buried Valley," yet it embodies much that we had, like good critics and true, reserved as a general animadversion on the mass of Mr. Mellen's writings. His style, with all its richness, is certainly often rendered obscure by a too erratic pursuit after the brilliant visions of his poetic fancy; and, in his general language and phraseology, he has not always steered

clear of mannerism and affectation. His lyrical measures, are moreover, at times fantastic and ungraceful, and we have been of opinion, that his simplicity becomes a little too simple; but these are small and solitary errors. There is much, very much, of most excellent poetry, in the beautiful volume we are now about to replace, amongst our chosen volumes of national literature, upon our shelves: it contains enough, we have no hesitation in saying, to ensure for its author a respectable place, among the poets of the English language of the day, and to justify us in expressing our hope that it may not be long before we may have an opportunity of again exercising our acumen not in correcting the errors, but in the far more agreeable task of rendering our tribute to the beauties of the muse of Grenville Mellen.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

From Horace. Book 5. Ode 7.

Whither?—ye madmen—whither?—In your hands
 Why do they flash,—those sheathless brands?
 Is't not enough that ocean,—earth,—are red,
 With Latin blood profusely shed?
 Not that the pomp of Carthage should expire
 In fierce embrace of Roman fire!—
 Not that the tameless Briton should display
 His fetters, in the sacred way!—
 But that—as Parthians pray—the city's state
 Should fall, by suicidal fate!—
 Not wolves so furious—lions not so blind!—
 They wage no battles with their kind!—
 Is't secret rage—that fires? or frenzied hate—
 Or deadliest crime, inextinguishable?
 Fate!—Romans—Fate doth point the course of guilt,
 For brother's blood most foully spilt;
 When Remus' innocent gore bedewed the plain—
 On ages yet unborn, a deathless stain!—

"LIKE SOUTHERN BIRDS."

Like southern birds, whose wings of light
 Are cold and hueless while at rest—
 But spread to soar in upward flight,
 Appear in glorious plumage drest—

The poet's soul—while darkly close
 Its pinions, bids no passion glow:—
 But roused at length, from dull repose,
 Lights—while it spurns—the world below. E. F. E.

A VISIT TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BY AN AMERICAN TOURIST.

AFTER having visited Dryburgh, Melrose, and Abbotsford, I arrived early on an August morning of the year passed, at Selkirk, seven miles south of the last named place. There I made anxious enquiries for the Ettrick Shepherd, as I had a strong desire to see that extraordinary genius. From the best information I could gather, I believed that he was residing at his farm of Altrive Lake, fifteen miles distant. Having no letters of introduction to him, I felt some delicacy in riding thither; but I soon learned that he was always pleased to see strangers, and that he treated every one with courtesy.

I asked the landlord of the hotel at which I put up to provide me a vehicle, and an intelligent driver; one, able to point out the interesting scenes through which we might pass. I started, and to my regret found, that the Jehu knew James Hogg, and the road to his house, but little else. Selkirk stands upon an eminence, that looks down upon a picturesque scene: the Ettrick and Yarrow, unite a little above it, and fall into the Tweed, something less than two miles below it. We proceeded along the west side of the Yarrow, and after about four miles' travel we passed Bowhill, the residence of the Duke of Buccleugh, a young man, one among the richest of the nobility, and one of the most stingy. His grounds are tastefully laid out, but in passing them, there was little in the scenery to interest me, perhaps not so much because it was uninteresting, as because for many weeks before I had ranged among the most romantic portions of Scotland. The country was bare of trees and shrubbery. On each side of the Yarrow, hills rose upon hills, which fed innumerable flocks of sheep. We passed a village or two, where, to be sure, were some clustering trees—but there was little variety, save in the shape and height of the hills, and the windings of the stream. My mind was fixed alone on Altrive—its shepherd poet, I was alone anxious to see: after riding about twelve miles, my stupid driver pointed to a house at a great distance, which the winding of the road brought into view. The driver informed me that it was Mr. Hogg's house. I had long been accustomed to think that the Ettrick shepherd lived in humble style, but I was agreeably surprised to see that his residence was of tolerably spacious dimensions. It seemed like three two story houses of moderate size, and quadrangular shape joined in one, with roofs pyramid-like, covered with dark blue slate, and the walls washed white with Irish lime.—It stands upon low ground on the east bank of the Yarrow, with few or no trees around, and has rather a naked appearance. At half a mile's distance, crossing a fine stone bridge, we ascended a precipitous road, and looked down upon Altrive—there was little improvement apparent around it; it seemed as if art had not been taxed to beautify the spot. In a word, it resembled rather the residence of a farmer, intent on making money, than the residence of a shepherd poet.

We now saw a gentleman, with two ladies, fishing in the stream, and at a distance discovered two gentlemen, one tall the other short, who had

issued from the house, walking by the banks as if to join the anglers. The driver informed me that the taller was Mr. Hogg. They were distant some six or seven hundred yards, being separated by the space betwixt the river and the road. I looked eagerly on him; he seemed five feet eight or nine inches high, and walked with the firm and decided step of one in the prime of life. He was dressed in a Galashiels gray frock coat, with white drilling pantaloons, light vest, and wore a white hat, of comely shape, though of too great rotundity at the top, and too broad in the brim, to be fashionable. On the whole, his appearance was so prepossessing, that I felt strongly the unpleasant situation in which I was placed of visiting a stranger without any voucher to prove my claim to respectability. However, I ordered my Jehu to drive on, determined to trust to fortune, and my self-possession. When we reached the gate, that from the main road leads to the house, I found it as rough and unimproved a one, as ever driver wished to see.—I was not without apprehensions that my vehicle would be overturned: but we reached in safety the Altrive Burn, which flows from the lake of that name; we had to cross this rivulet to approach the mansion: fortunately it was not deep, for the horses had to wade through it, doing no more damage than scaring a few trouts that were sporting in its waters. The driver halted before the east gable, and directed me to ascend a few steps,—which the undulating ground rendered necessary to reach the hall door.—I did as directed, and walked through a gravelled path that divided the house from the garden, and knocked at the door of the west wing. A girl appeared, and requested me to walk in, and said that Mr. Hogg would be sent for. I was shown into a parlour, very plainly, though not uncomfortably furnished. A gentleman sat at a table knitting a silk purse, who rose and received me. In a few moments a sonsie good looking lady, apparently about thirty-five years of age, with a very agreeable smile on her countenance, entered; it was Mrs. Hogg. I presented my card. She kindly informed me, that seeing me approach the house, she had despatched a messenger to inform Mr. Hogg of my arrival. She soon produced two or three kinds of wine, hinting that I must be fatigued after so long a ride; I drank her health in a glass of very fair cherry. It was not long before the Ettrick Shepherd entered. Mrs. Hogg presented me. Taking my hand, he said, "I'm glad to see you at Yarrow." I said that there were two persons in this part of the country a year ago, who above all other men I wished to see; one, no eye shall ever see again, the other is author of "The Witch of Fife," and "Bonny Kilmeny."

"Man, but ye've taken muckle trouble," he replied, "to see ane no worth the seein'; I'm but a plain body."

I hinted an excuse for coming without letters. "Hoot man, dinna mind that, an honest face needs nae introduction to me. Margaret," he continued, addressing his wife, "hae ye gien Mr. — a glass of wine?" Being answered in the affirmative, he called for wine, and filling a glass, said, "Ye're health, Mr. —, and ye're welcome to Yarrow."

I had now had an opportunity of gazing on the face of the Ettrick Shepherd—his poetry has been familiar to me since my earliest days, and I felt an inward satisfaction in his presence. His face was calm, his manner subdued, yet there was a quiet smile playing almost imperceptibly upon

his lip, that convinced me he was gratified to see strangers. The Ettrick Shepherd is sixty-two years old, but he looks fully five years younger. His figure, which seemed to me so erect as he walked at a distance, was slightly bent as he sat. His face is very pleasing, and shows much good nature and self-complacency. His light grey eye, when at rest, would not be distinguished for either quickness or brilliancy; his lips rather large, and not firm, seem to lack decision—if it were not for his noble forehead he might pass in a crowd for an ordinary man—a respectable farmer—but his is a broad and lofty brow, denoting both judgment and imagination. His hair inclines to red, unmingled with a single grey one, and his whiskers, redder, but not thick, extend scarcely below the tip of the ear. His complexion is a reddish brown, just such a one as might be looked for in a man of his age, who has spent most of his life in the country. No picture, that I have ever seen, gives a correct likeness of him.

Upon a sideboard stood a cast from Chantry's bust of Scott—there is a strong resemblance between the two poets, and I could not help remarking it. This seemed to please him, and he said with a smile, "Ay man, do you see it—I've been telt sae afore." There is indeed much resemblance in the face of Hogg to that of Scott: the head of the latter from the eyebrows to the crown is much higher, the lips firmer and more compressed; and the arch of the eye more prominent, but still there is a striking resemblance between them.

The gentleman and two ladies whom I had seen fishing now entered the room, accompanied by a young man, a nephew of Mr. Hogg's, and a lady past the middle age. A desultory conversation now arose, in which the poet took little or no part. As I came to see him only and hear him speak, I proposed at the first pause a walk to view his grounds, to which he readily assented. Rising to depart, he said, "Ye'll stay all night." I told him that that was impossible, being obliged to leave Selkirk in the evening for Carlisle. "Ye'll no gang without your dinner, at any rate. Margaret, what hae ye got? Let us hae't by three o'clock." We now took a short stroll together, during the course of which I hinted a project that had been on foot in New York about a year before, to get up an edition of his works for his profit. He seemed at first indisposed to touch on the subject, indeed, so far as I had yet seen him, he was rather retiring, and I began to think that he was not prone to the good natured egotism which has been alleged against him. However he soon became communicative, and told me that he had two correspondents in Albany—the Rev. Mr. S—— and Mr. S. De W. B——, who had written to him on the subject. That to these gentlemen he had some time before sent a manuscript entitled "*Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott*," which they had advised him would be published in the *Mirror*. He asked me about that paper; I told him the only paper of note of that name was the *New York Mirror*. He also mentioned that he had received a letter from a bookseller in Chatham street, requesting permission to publish an uniform edition of his works. "I hae forgotten his name," said he, "I receive sae mony letters, man, that I canna mind them a' nor answer the half"—he added that his determination was—as I could not speak of a bookseller of note in that street—to pay no attention to the letter. He had heard that the people in the United States believed him poor; on that

ground he led me to infer, that though not rich, he managed to get along. The late Dutchess of Buccleugh—by whom he was much respected—upon her death bed, had requested the Duke to give the Ettrick Shepherd, during life, the farm of Altrive Lake: this was not only obeyed, but a lease of it for ninety-nine years was made out at a nominal rent, and even that rent has never been demanded. When he took possession of the farm, the only dwelling upon it was a low thatched cottage,—now used as a *byre*,—but after a time he built a stone house; when he married in 1820, requiring more room, he erected a wing to it; as his family increased, he added another, and this accounts for the style in which it now appears.

Speaking of the United States; “O man,” said he, “I like the American bodies, they are fine fellows; I wad like to gang and see them, but I darna.” I asked him why?—he replied, with much naïveté, “*I am Scotland’s, and she wadna let me gang.* I hae a brither there, his name is Robert, I like him weel, but hinna heard frae him for a lang time. I hae written to Albany about him; he was a farmer at the Silver Lake, Susquehanna.” He asked many questions about this country, which showed a plentiful lack of information on the subject: I did not wonder at this, for I had often been surprised before to find intelligent men, in every part of Scotland and England, unpardonably ignorant of the geography, government, institutions and laws of the United States.

We returned to the house, and he led me into his library—it was a small square room, in the eastern wing—a few volumes, not exceeding five hundred, were placed upon shelves, not unlike those of booksellers: a round table stood in the centre of the floor, covered with engravings and annuals. His books did not seem to be a tasteful selection, and their bindings were not elegant. “I canna keep books here,” said he “there are ay some folks borrowing—but I hae a Hollingshed, and a Ridpath—baith gude, but Ridpath is unco dry.” I took from the shelf a volume of “*The Casquet*,”—a work in four volumes, published by Blackie of Glasgow—a casket it is of literary gems, and turned to “*To a Rose, brought from near Alloway Kirk*;” looking over my shoulder, he said, “Eh, man, that’s a bonny poem.” I told him it was by one of our American poets. “Do ye ken him?” I answered in the affirmative, and referred to “*Marco Bozzaris*,” and “*Alwick Castle*,” all printed in the same work anonymously: “What’s he’s name?” I answered, Halleck. He requested me to write it in full above the poems, which I did. “He’s a fine poet,” added the Shepherd.

Touching on American literature; I found that he knew as little about it as he did of the country; but he had read the *Extracts from Bryant* in the *Foreign Quarterly* and *Blackwood*, which he admired much. He spoke of Irving and Cooper too—but their works are identified with English literature.

“Do you ken a Lieutenant P——, of the American navy?” I answered that I did not. He spoke of this gentleman in exalted terms; he had visited Altrive some two or three years before, and spent a few days there. He had sent some letters to the Shepherd, who said they were well written and very interesting letters, but added that he had not heard from him in many a day. I told him that Mr. Woodbury, Secretary of the Navy, was a gentleman, who would give him every information of his friend as to where-

abouts; and being himself a man of letters would be pleased to serve a poet of such renown. The Shepherd then said, "When Lieutenant P—— gaed awa, I wrote him twa stanzas, they war very gude—I'm no sure they're no the best I ever wrote; I'll speak them for you." And so he did, but I do not remember them. "They tell me," said he again, "that my writings are kent in America." I answered that they had all been reprinted there, and were as well known and as much esteemed as in Scotland. This pleased him; and he expressed a desire to have a copy of each work. I readily promised to send him an American edition, and shall do so by the first opportunity. Asking him if his address was Altrive Lake, by Selkirk; "Hout man, no," said he, "write to the Ettrick Shepherd, Scotland, a' the world kens him."

The subject of ancient ballads now came up. Here he was at home, and his face became more animated, and his tongue more voluble. "The Wife of Auchtermuchie" was his favorite. He spoke of the many interlopators of old ballads, and forgers of new, in terms of reprehension, but added, that not one of them could deceive him. "The Border Minstrelsy" was awhile his theme: he told me that he had pointed out to Scott, all his patchings; and also all his own ballads, which he had published as old ones.

"But," he said, "gie me ae verse o' an auld sang, and the tune, and I'll cheat them a'—I've done it: Wattie Scott could na find me out." Of Allan Cunningham he spoke in warm terms—he exhibited strong feeling when referring to him, and expressed regret that he should ever have had any thing to do with Cromeck, or his "Nithsdale and Galloway Relics."

When he named Scott again, "Ah!" said he "Scott was a fine man, I kent him weel—his death was a great loss—I believe it was the passage o' the reform bill that killed him; he ay said that would bring ruin on the kintra. He was an unco Tory—I'm ane too." Enquiring if he were "one of the more than twenty" who knew the secret of the Waverly novels. "No," he replied, "but I kent weel enough that nae body but Scott could hae written them, for there war sae money incidents and sayings in them that I kent Scott kent, and nane forby." Returning again to ballads, he spoke in high terms of Motherwell's work, and of the learning displayed in the introduction and notes, of which, he said Scott thought so highly as to quote much from them. Speaking of Buchan, the Shepherd praised his industry in having rescued so many ballads from oblivion, (his work contains forty-two that had escaped the research of previous collectors, besides perfect versions of many others already printed) but smiled at the ignorance of the man.

The nephew now came into the library followed by three rosy cheeked, fair haired, healthy children. "Here are my bairns," said the Ettrick Shepherd, caressing them with much tenderness. I could not but praise their looks and manners, for they were pretty children, and behaved with great propriety. Observing an old violin, hanging by a nail in the wall, I hinted that I had heard of his playing. "O, I'm no very gude at it, but can scrape a wee bit." The nephew said that his uncle could sing too, and that we might have a verse or two after dinner; "Na," said he, "I'm no a gude singer,—but, *I'm the best sang writer in Scotland.*" I'm no gaun to sing the day, I'm gaun to speak."

While in the library he presented me with two books, one of which was the first volume of his "Altrive Tales," (then in the course of publication, and the only one issued) in the one, the presentation was signed the Ettrick Shepherd, and in the other, James Hogg. Opening the last named volume at the dedication, which is to Lady Anne Scott, of Buccleugh, (it is in poetry and occupies six pages,) he said "This is the very best I ever wrote—its frae the original manuscript, (for noo I never write prose, nor yet poetry twice)—read that sentence," said he, turning over a leaf, and pointing to a paragraph, beginning

"Then be it thine, O noble maid,"

"It's the very best sentence I ever wrote." I took the book, and was reading it to myself. "Read it aloud," said he. I did as requested, and with my best emphasis. Having concluded, "Noo," he asked, "is not that the best of mine ye ever read?" We were now summoned to dinner.

We sat down to a good dinner. The party consisted of about a dozen; all, except myself, nephews or nieces of Mr. and Mrs. Hogg. Excellent Kail, *bouilli*, and trout, fresh from the stream, composed the first course; and the second, was game—Moorfowl and Black-cock, the Shepherd's own shooting—followed by a neat dessert. The conversation was desultory and various; and each contributed to it his share. Many questions were asked me about America; and one or two of the guests had friends residing in the United States, of whom thy enquired. At some of the pleasantries which passed, the Shepherd laughed heartily, and seemed to enjoy his company much; his manner, in a word, was very agreeable, and without apparent effort, he made each one feel at home. After the cloth was removed, the good old Scottish custom of introducing whiskey punch was not forgotten. When each had drank the other's health, the Shepherd said to me "Mr. —, tell the folks in America, ye hae drank whiskey punch wi' the Ettrick Shepherd." In a few moments, addressing his wife, he said, "Margaret ye hae na forgotten Mr. —'s driver?" She answered that she had not. "We had nae corn (oats) to gie ye're horse," said he, "but he has gotten *Barley Scones*,* that he likes better."

The time was now approaching, when it was absolutely necessary for me to depart. My vehicle stood ready at the door. Mrs. Hogg made many kind expressions, and regretted that my visit had been so short—there was a sincerity in her manner, that flattered me, and convinced me that she felt, at least for the moment, all she said. I bade adieu to her and her guests, and left the parlor, accompanied by the Shepherd.

The driver was in his seat, and, as I was about to step into it, Mr. Hogg took me by the hand, saying: "I'll no forget that I hae seen ye." I expressed the gratification which my visit to him had afforded to me, and the hopes that we might meet again. "I'm an auld man," he replied, "and you are gaun far awa, it's no very likely that we may ever meet. God bless you. Dinna forget me. Tell the folks in America ye hae seen the Ettrick Shepherd." These were his last words to me. We parted.

During the long ride to Selkirk, my thoughts were of Altrive and its inmates. I could not but think kindly of them. I think I see them now—

* A kind of cake or bannock, made of barley and oat meal.

especially the shepherd poet, whose writings we have all read and admired. A man, born in humble life, without education, without patronage, without adventitious aid of any sort, rising from obscurity by the force of genius alone, to enviable fame—the associate alike of the peasant and the peer.—A man, whose unaffected simplicity of manner, whose boundless, but unoffending egotism, whose goodness of heart, and sincerity of feeling, make him loved by all men, whether he be seen with his family at Altrive, or in the fashionable vortex of England's or of Scotland's metropolis. I shall long remember the Ettrick Shepherd.

STANZAS.

Imitated from the Portuguese.

I.

Wild is your airy sweep,
Billows that foam from yonder mountain-side !
Dashing with whitened crests and thundering tide,
To seek the distant deep !

II.

Now to the verge ye climb,
Now rush to plunge with emulous haste below ;
Sounding your stormy chorus as ye go—
A never ending chime !

III.

Leaping from rock to rock,
Unwearied, your eternal course ye hold ;
The rainbow tints, your eddying waves unfold,
The hues of sunset mock !

IV.

Why choose this pathway rude,
These cliffs, by gray and ancient woods o'ergrown ?
Why pour your music to the echoes lone
Of this wild solitude ?

V.

The mead in green array,
With silent beauty woos your loved embrace ;
Would lead you through soft banks, with devious grace,
Along a gentler way.

VI.

There, as ye onward roam,
Fresh leaves would bend to greet your waters bright,—
Why scorn the charms which vainly court your sight,
Amid these wilds to foam ?

VII.

Alas ! our fate is one,—
Both ruled by wayward Fancy !—All in vain
I question both !—My thoughts still spurn the chain—
Ye—heedless—thunder on !

E. F. E.

ON THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF FISHES.

THERE is something unhappy in the physiognomy of a fish ; a downward curl of the mouth upon each side, that seems to betoken at least an infirmity of temper, if not a settled misanthropy. It is strange that Lavater should never have drawn upon this great tribe of animated existence for illustration or proof of his theory ; but it is so. Among all the whimsical portraits of birds, beasts, and men, with which his great work is enriched, there is not a marine visage. Spurzheim and Gall too, have neglected the brains of the fishes ; the utmost we know is, that they have brains, but in exceedingly small quantities.

Naturalists have told us but very little as to the habits, tastes, and social economy of the creatures that dwell in the deep waters. With two or three trifling exceptions, the whole study of man, so far as they are concerned, has been to discover their gustatorial properties. Their culinary peculiarities have been investigated, to the almost total exclusion of the moral and intellectual. Analogy and conjecture must be, for the most part, the groundwork of what is hazarded touching these great and important features of their condition and character.

I never could see the great merit of any species of fish as a thing for the exercise of the teeth and the gratification of appetite. High authority may, indeed, be quoted in favor of their pretensions to the regard of the gastronome ; but this is a matter in which every man must be his own oracle. Tastes are not to be regulated, like legal decisions, by dicta and precedents. Fish, to my taste, is a poor, wishey-washey, unsatisfactory aliment ; there is no getting fat on it. On the contrary, we know that the creatures which live exclusively upon fish, are a lantern-jawed, bare-boned, ill-looking brood, let them stuff as heartily as they will. The heron and other piscivorous birds are cursed with insatiable appetites, which the utmost diligence in their vocation can never appease, and yet they are always lean ; a compound of skin, bone, and feathers ; and they all have a hungry, poor-devil look, that speaks volumes against the quality of their diet. It may be said, on the other hand, that the amphibious quadrupeds, such as the white bear, the sea-horse, and the hippopotamus, are endowed with an aldermanic degree of pinguidity, and they are supposed—only supposed—to live mostly on fish ; but they must get something better to eat ; some marine jelly, or unctuous plants, growing in millions of acres, in the fathomless depths of the arctic seas ; or it may be that creatures abound there with flesh more nutritive and congenial than the white, flaky, insipid, and most ungenerous substance that comes to the table of man with the generic appellative, fish. Perhaps cooking spoils it ; raw fish may be a thing to grow fat upon ; but, certes, there never was corpulent man yet, who could ascribe any part of his “three inches deep on the brisket” to the virtues of boiled, broiled, baked, fried, or roasted, in which any scaly monster appeared as the chief ingredient. Jockies are fed upon fish, when their weight is to be reduced to the least possible number of

pounds avoirdupois consistent with life and the race regulations. Among people of judgment and correct habits, this species of food must ever rank very low in the scale of gastronomic respectability.

In morals and intellect too, they are inferior to the other two grand divisions of animated existence ; to wit, the creatures that move on the earth, and those which pass most of their time above it. They are a cold-blooded race, without sympathies or affections ; and withal, especially stupid. All other animals manifest certain degrees of intelligence, and in some these displays are striking ; the dog, for example, and the horse ; the elephant, fox, beaver, and monkey. But who ever heard of a fish learning to recognize the sound of his own name, or exhibiting any one of the thousand traits of sagacity that we see in the creatures which have been named, and in a host of others ? Greenland bears have been known, over and over again, to abstract the bait from the snare or trap set for their destruction, without a hair of their grizzly hide coming to harm ; but when did a shark ever convey the tempting huge morsel of salt pork from the hook, and escape with a jaw undamaged ? Birds have been taught to fetch and carry ; to understand and obey the almost imperceptible signs of their master ; and, in short, to conduct themselves with a degree of propriety in their vocation of faithful servants, from which most of their human compeers in the same station, would do well to take an example. Pigs have become skilful in card-playing and other recondite branches of learning ; even fleas have been brought to the exhibition of a degree of tact and intelligence, even more wonderful than their amazing displays in the science of ground and lofty tumbling ; but who has succeeded in bringing forth such results from the mental or physical energies of a trout, a gudgeon, a tom-cod, or a flounder ? The range of their intercourse with mankind is exceedingly limited ; the sum of our doings in their behalf, is to catch them when living, and cook them when dead ; and in this relation, important as it undoubtedly is to them, they display no sagacity and no foresight ; no superiority of intellect is required in their destruction ; the veriest blockhead that ever put meat into his mouth, shall catch you as many fish as a Scott or a Napoleon ; ten chances to one, indeed, more. A bare-footed, smutty-faced, dolt-headed boy, to whose thorough-going stupidity there is an inconceivable mystery in the A B C ; one of those double-distilled numsculls who seem to be gifted with a forty-dunce power of resistance to all efforts at education ; upon whom arguments and appeals *a priori* and *a posteriori* are equally thrown away ; one of these, with nothing more than a paltry bent pin, a few wretched earth-worms, and three yards of brown thread, shall beguile from their native element scores of the best informed and most sensible fishes that swim. The fools are as devoid of memory as of judgment too. Catch one of any description, it matters not whether great or small, a native of fresh or of salt water ; haul him to land in despite of his kicking and struggling ; wrench the hook from his jaw with no gentle hand ; cut off his fin, or a piece of his tail ; heap on him, in short, every indignity you can suggest, short of actual death, and then fling him into the water again ; now throw your line, and it is even betting that this stupid, ill-used, insensible moon-calf is the very first to gulp down the insidious mischief that has already betrayed him. A scalded cat, says the proverb, has a vehement terror even of cold water ; but a scalded fish is just as likely as not to jump, tail over head, into the first boiling kettle

that comes in his way. The whole race seem to possess a perfect inaptitude at drawing conclusions ; they may be caught a hundred and fifty times, and never begin to perceive that there is a hook under the bait that tempts them. A gold-fish in a vase will bump his head for hours together against the side of the vessel, without suspecting that it presents a bar to his progress ; or at least, without acquiring such a continued perception of its imperviousness, as to give up his efforts to get to the other side of it.

We know very little—nothing indeed—of the rules by which fishes are governed in a state of society ; in fact, so far as we can discover, they have no settled principles. We can detect in their habits and conduct, no trace of an acquaintance with the most simple canons of political economy. They have no division of labor ; no systematized industry ; no arrangement among themselves in distinct classes ; no fixed capital ; all they have—pardon the base pun—is floating ; no tithes, taxes, or poor-laws. Among them there is no allocation of consumers and producers. In other creatures we find these things ; a party of crows never enter a corn-field without placing some of their number as sentries ; this is division of labor. The quadrupeds are still farther advanced ; the relation between the lion and jackal is a complete instance of that great natural principle which divides mankind into governed and governors. Fishes know nothing of these things. The great do indeed eat the little ; but farther than this, they have no social relations.

All other creatures, too, have some natural smattering of the arts and sciences ; architecture especially. Birds, beasts and insects make to themselves houses ; and the ingenuity which they display in the construction, design and furnishing, is a standing subject of wonder and admiration. Fishes alone never build. The extent of their capacity seems to be, to eat when they are hungry, run away when some greater fish seems inclined to eat them, and make a furious flouncing when they are caught. Asses and geese are quoted as eminent for their stupidity, and their names are employed as equivalent to the titles of fool, blockhead and dunce ; but fishes have better claims to the distinction.

As for their morals, comprehensively speaking, they seem to have none. The reader will understand that by morals are meant all the attributes not properly classed under the head intellectual ; to wit, affections, sentiments, and emotions. Feelings they probably have ; that is, physical feelings ; but even these are not very acute, if, as the story runs, they can become reconciled by habit, to the process of skinning. But who ever heard or dreamed of the sentiment of a fish ? Whales are, indeed, said to exhibit some traces of parental affection ; but Dr. Mitchell decided that whales are not fish, and their tenderness for their young, therefore, goes to prove nothing. The hardest of nautical yarn-spinners will never pretend to have seen any such thing in a bottle-nosed shark, a horse-mackerel, or a dumb-fish. Nor have the finny tribes any perception of social enjoyments ; a few of them do, indeed, swim together ; as, for example, the herring, and the porpoise ; but it is from no love of each other's society ; an irresistible instinct drives them to herd together, not for the sake of being together, but of fulfilling a certain aim of their existence. It is well known that if one of a school is wounded, the others attack him and drive him away to die, or get

well as he best may, by himself; and this must be the result of sheer hardness of heart. Men do the same thing sometimes, but in them it is matter of policy. The porpoise has no such excuse.

The great softener of an evil nature is love; this tames the most brutal spirits, and tempers the hardest hearts. The lion in love is obliging, gentle, and generous to his mate; the eagle under the influence of the tender passion is a pattern of courtesy to his spouse; even the ravenous wolf learns to play the gallant when lupine beauty has wrought its effect on his fierce temper. Every creature that walks, creeps, or flies, owns the sway of the infant god; but the hard-hearted fish is out of the pale of his empire. No gentle glance of affection is ever darted from his cold, glassy, passionless eye. No thought of home ever swells his bosom; wife and children are to him unknown existences. The smiles of a parent have never gladdened his infancy; connubial joys never come to brighten the toils and cares of his fishy maturity; old age draws nigh, unattended by filial respect and affection. His pleasures through life are never heightened by the participation of those he loves; his sorrows are never diminished by sympathy; his life is desolate, and his death unlamented.

SOME THOUGHTS UPON EATING.

It is a good thing to possess a catholic appetite. There is an old saying, to the effect that brandy, tobacco, and Spanish dollars, will always command their value in every part of the world; and the saying is true enough for a proverb, although there be tribes existent upon the surface of this oblate, irregular spheroid, which we call the world, among whom there is no sufficient perception of the several virtues resident in the circular plate of silver that bears the illustrious effigy of the beloved Ferdinand; they have more respect for a rusty nail or a Birmingham button. As for the tobacco and brandy, their fame is without limit. It is my belief, that on the score of utility, there is as much excellence in an appetite to which nothing comes wrong, as in either or all of those three universalities; like them, it will pass any where; its owner may live, and flourish in his designs and doings, wherever fate or his own inclination gives him a resting-place. And yet, how very few have cause to rejoice in the possession of such a blessing! Of the nine thousand and forty-six edible substances that have been recognized among all nations, how many there are, which even a hungry man would denounce, if proposed as occupants of his craving internal vacuum! It is not too much to assert, that, of the eight hundred millions of human beings at present existing, there is not a single one who would, or perhaps could, eat every species of food which is consumed,—and that not reluctantly,—by the remaining seven hundred and ninety-nine millions, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine. I consider myself strong in this particular feature of my own physical organization, and yet I confess to a certain loathing, whenever I read or think of the barefooted little vagabonds of the interior

of Brazil, crunching live centipedes; and find it impossible to conceive a degree of voracity, under the impulse of which I could make a meal with an Esquimaux, upon whale's blubber.

The man who first swallowed an oyster fresh from the shell, and if not absolutely alive, still only a moment slaughtered, must have had courage enough to fight several duels; yet if he were not an Arab, it is probable that he would have gone hungry for more than one day, rather than dine upon fried locusts swimming in palm-oil; and if he were a descendant of Ishmael, it is but rational to suppose that the sight of a basin of turtle soup, glorious with its abundance of green fat, would be fatal to even his keenest appetite. A Chinese will smack his lips over a dish of birds' nests, but turn with abhorrence from lobster; the sympathies of the refined European are awakened, even to the extinction of hunger, by the human resemblances of a roasted monkey, while the tattooed native of New-Zealand, requires no sauce with the baked arm or leg of his own father.

It has often struck me, that there is a national character in eating, as well as in other approved methods of passing time; especially among civilized nations. Men will do and endure much for fashion; but I cannot fancy an Englishman taking any real delight in a French *vol-au-vent*, a Spanish *olla-podrida*, a German platter of *saur-kraut*, or an Italian dish of oleaginous macaroni. Imagine a Carolinian over a New-England Saturday's dinner of salt cod and potatoes; a Scotchman restricted to coffee and dry toast, for his breakfast; a yankee condemned to eat sugar, *more New-Yorkice*, with his rice, instead of molasses; or a New-Yorker pining in some desolate region, where buck-wheat cakes are not in the bill of fare!

I began with saying, that it is good to possess a catholic appetite. The saying is true enough, to a certain extent; it is good to be able to eat whatever comes in your way, at those particular times and seasons when you can get nothing else; but, far be it from me to assert, that there should be no discrimination in flavors. If this were the case, one of the choicest attributes of humanity would be lost, and eating would then become a mere matter of routine; a simple means of relief from pain or uneasiness, and not what it is now, a highly intellectual pleasure. As has already been hinted, I consider my own gastric capacities somewhat eminent for their compass; I can eat almost any thing (the centipedes and the blubber I give up); yet there are many comestibles, which nothing but ravenous hunger could make me incorporate; and even in that case, the act would produce not even a thought, an infinitesimal trace of enjoyment. My respect for Napoleon has increased, perceptibly and decidedly, since I learned his aversion to calves' head; I never read of a beautiful Portuguese girl, in a novel, with her large black eyes, and her graceful, Juno-like movements, without remembering, that, as a national matter of course, a certain portion of garlic passes her sweet lips every day of her life; and starvation would be a light evil, weighed in the scale with the horrors attendant upon the suspicion of an undone potato.

DYMOND'S ESSAYS.

ESSAYS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY, AND ON THE PRIVATE AND POLITICAL RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF MANKIND. BY JONATHAN DYMOND; WITH A PREFACE BY THE REV. GEORGE BUSH, M. A. HARPER & BROTHERS. NEW YORK.

It is indeed gratifying, to meet, as it were by chance, among the myriads of idle fictions, which would appear to have completely engrossed the public mind, a work of so solid and useful a character as that which has lent a title to our present article. Of all subjects, which ought on every account to be most deeply interesting to mankind, there is undoubtedly not one, which can compare with the science of morality. Whether morals be regarded as the only sure test of the sincerity of the human heart, as the only clue whereby to discover our own position in the scale of Christian excellence, as the only path which can conduct us to those everlasting mansions, which are in truth the aim of all, however some may suffer pride, or prejudice, or indolence, or the love of pleasure, to interfere with their profession of faith, and oppose their practice of good works; or as the only science by a right comprehension of which sin and misery can be banished from the civilized world, society regulated on a sure and unchangeable basis, knowledge, wealth, and happiness, here and hereafter, diffused abroad, even to the remotest corners of the earth. Whether we consider it as a science which alone can render us acceptable unto God, or as one which above all others will render us beneficial to our fellow men—it is incalculably the greatest, the noblest, the sublimest subject on which the wisest and the best of men can exercise their judgment. And so fully has the truth of these preliminary observations been admitted by all persons of almost every age, that not only have pagans—before the day-spring from on high had shed its blessed light upon the dim page of heathen ethics—brought their powerful but imperfect understandings to an inquiry pregnant with results of such extraordinary moment, not only has the Christian philosopher applied his faculties, enlightened by the aid of revelation, to the same glorious task, but even the wretched being who staggers along—like a blind man in the blaze of noon,—in the intellectual blindness of infidelity, while all around are looking upward, with awe and admiration, to the source of that pervading light, which he alone pretends to doubt—even that wretched, erring slave of his passions or his pride, who in a Christian age and country dares to deny the Christian's God, even he acknowledges the value, the necessity, the imperative call for morality; and most generally while he doubts, or at least pretends to doubt, the divine origin of revealed religion, is no less ready to allow that the purest, the most comprehensive, the most satisfactory, and the most perfect system of morality, that the heart of man can imagine, is to be found in the pages of the gospel. We may say, indeed, without fearing that one dissenting voice will rise against us, that there is scarcely an individual, however lax in his opinions, however profligate in his practice, who will pretend to deny the utility, in a worldly point of view, of morals,

although he may ever find some convenient plea to excuse, at least, if not to justify, their breach in his own peculiar case.

It will be found, therefore, that writers on morality are not less numerous, than might be expected from the high degree of consideration which the subject must necessarily attract; and that their systems are as numberless, their doctrines as various, as the readers for whom they have been disseminated. It is not, perhaps, the least remarkable feature, in the history, if we may so term it, of literature professing to lay down rules of morality, that more has been written, and with less effect, on this than on any other topic, which has attracted a proportionate share of public interest.

Men, it is true, of the highest worth, of the soundest judgments, and of the deepest erudition, have sent forth, tome after tome, relating to this all important subject, and yet in all there is a something wanting.

Each one has built a tower of his own construction, upon a base which he has laid, in his own opinion, according to the scale of eternal and immutable truth: yet in the foundation of each there has been some small, and, in the first instance, imperceptible deviation from the perpendicular, which, increasing in obliquity, as the superstructure increased in height, exhibits, when it has reached its loftiest attitude, the spectacle of a gigantic building, leaning at a fearful angle to the true horizon, and threatening at every instant to crush its builders in overwhelming ruin.

By no means can the truth of this assertion be proved more clearly, than by the simple fact that the work on this topic, which has been perhaps the most generally adopted as a text book, and most widely diffused throughout the English world, is the *Moral and Political Philosophy* of Dr. Paley—a work chosen as a necessary portion of the academical subjects in the English Universities, as a preliminary study which must be mastered by the candidate for holy orders, and yet so replete with miserable sophistry, with illogical deductions, and with glaring contradictions, that it has ever seemed to us impossible that any man possessed of sound reason, and the power of discriminating between truth and absurdity, should read a single chapter without feeling his very soul revolt at the inconsistencies of this, as we shall always deem him, most falsely estimated writer.

Our minds have been more particularly recalled to the almost forgotten errors of Paley, by the able and masterly refutation of his most glaring absurdity, which is contained in the earlier chapters of Mr. Dymond's work. We allude to the doctrine of expediency, than which none ever emanated from the mind of man more liable to perversion on the part of the wicked, misapplication on the part of the ignorant, and misconception on the part of all men. "WHATEVER IS EXPEDIENT IS RIGHT!" That such a dictum should have issued from the lips of a Christian divine, of a champion of revealed religion, is indeed marvellous; but how much more so, that it should be deemed even now advisable, by the collective wisdom of the *Alma Matres* of the British Church, that so desperate, so dangerous, so infidel a doctrine should form a part of the scholastic education of a young divine. We regret extremely, that it is a matter of utter impossibility for us to enter into a detailed analysis of Mr. Dymond's most valuable essays within the limits of a periodical publication; much less to follow him, step

by step, through his investigations, pointing out here his acute detections of the fallacies into which his predecessors have fallen, and here showing the errors into which he has himself been not unfrequently beguiled.

All that can be effected within our narrow limits is, to call the attention of all readers to this truly extraordinary work, leaving it to themselves to follow him through the mazes of his interesting investigations. To this course there is one great incentive, namely, the fact that all the points of error which he has combated most strongly and most successfully in others, are such as militate essentially against the spirit, not of good morals only, but of revealed religion; while the fallacies, if fallacies they be, into which he himself has fallen, lean altogether to the side of virtue, and if adopted, could by no possible means conduce to evil, either in theory or practice.

Mr. Dymond begins by assuming that the only true standard of right and wrong is the will of God. And here we consider him absolutely triumphant. This being the avowed basis of all his arguments, it is of course self-evident that to none but a Christian, in the most extended sense of the word, can Mr. Dymond's book give satisfaction; but to all those, who have assumed the light of gospel truth as a lantern whereby to guide their feet, we can conceive nothing more delightful than the earlier portion of his pages. And we are not a little at a loss to comprehend how the learned author of the Preface to the American edition should "*find it difficult to accord with our author in regarding the simple expression of the Divine will as the ultimate standard of right or wrong.*" For, if by the words Divine Will, Mr. Bush understands, as we do, the decrees of an all-mighty, all-merciful, and all-wise ruler, we cannot conceive any other standard which could, for one instant, be compared to the dictum of a being who, from his very constitution, is equally incapable of entertaining an error himself, or of holding it up to others as a truth, conscious himself of the fallacy. If the will be DIVINE, the expression of that will must likewise be DIVINE, unerring, and undisputably true: if it be not Divine, there is no occasion to go further, for on the acquiescence in the fact of the Divinity depends the whole train of arguments which are intended to convince the mind, not of an infidel, but of a Christian. Again, the author of the Preface states that,

"If right and wrong are terms denoting what actions *are* in themselves, then whatever they are, they are such, not by will, or decree, or power, but by nature and necessity. In the demonstrative sciences, whatever a triangle or a circle is, that it is unchangeably and eternally: it depends upon no will or power, whether the three angles of a triangle shall be equal to two right angles, or whether the diameter and the circumference of a circle shall be incommensurable. So of moral good and evil."

The learned editor has here fallen into an error of no uncommon nature. He has mistaken an *antithesis* for a comparison. The simple truth being this, that the words right and wrong are *not*, while triangle and circle, *are* terms denoting what things are in themselves. The latter being capable of easy and incontestable demonstration, the former not only incapable of proof, but such as will scarcely admit of a similarity of opinion in any two individuals. In one age and in one country, the very same thing has been conscientiously practiced as right, which at another time, and in another region, has been denounced and punished as iniquitous; and so it

will be until eternity. If the position were true, that right and wrong are terms denoting what actions are in themselves, then it would be possible, instantly, clearly, and incontrovertibly to define that which constitutes right, and that which—wrong; nor could any two individuals, capable of comprehending a demonstration, differ in opinion after hearing the definition. Is this so? If it were so, then would it also be true that whatever is expedient is right! And we doubt not but that all which is *EXPEDIENT IN THE EYES OF THE MOST HIGH*, is right! Inasmuch as all that is decreed by him is decreed for the universal good, and is *per se* right! The error lies not in the fact of expediency being or not being a correct test, but of vain and ignorant mortals being or not being the correct judges of that which is or is not expedient.

But in order to explain our own meaning more clearly than we could perhaps do in our own words, we will quote from our author the last and most conclusive of his arguments against the adoption of utility as a test of the moral right or wrong of any action.

VI. Lastly, the rule of expediency is deficient in one of the first requisites of a moral law—obviousness and palpability of *sanction*. What is the process by which the sanction is applied? Its advocates say, the Deity is a benevolent Being: as he is benevolent himself, it is reasonable to conclude he wills that his creatures should be benevolent to one another: this benevolence is to be exercised by adapting every action to the promotion of the “universal interest” of man: “Whatever is expedient is right;” or, God wills that we should consult expediency. Now we say that there are so many considerations placed between the rule and the act, that the practical authority of the rule is greatly diminished. It is easy to perceive that the authority of a rule will not come home to that man’s mind, who is told, respecting a given action, that its effect upon the universal interest is the only thing that makes it right or wrong. All the doubts that arise as to this effect, are so many diminutions of the sanction. It is like putting half a dozen new contingencies between the act of thieving and the conviction of a jury; and every one knows that the want of certainty of penalty is a great encouragement to offences. The principle, too, is liable to the most extravagant abuse—or rather, extravagant abuse is, in the present condition of mankind, inseparable from its general adoption. “Whatever is expedient is right,” soliloquizes the moonlight adventurer into the poultry yard: “It will tend more to the sum of human happiness that my wife and I should dine on a capon, than that the farmer should feel the satisfaction of possessing it;”—and so he mounts the hen-roost. I do not say that this hungry moralist would reason soundly, but I say that he would not listen to the philosophy which replied, “Oh, your reasoning is incomplete: you must take into account all consequences, collateral and remote; and then you will find that it is more expedient, upon the whole, and at the long run, that you and your wife should be hungry, than that hen-roosts should be insecure.”

It is happy, however, that this principle never *can* be generally applied to the private duties of man. Its abuses would be so enormous that the laws would take, as they do in fact take, better measures for regulating men’s conduct than this doctrine supplies. And happily, too, the universal Lawgiver has not left mankind without more distinct and more influential perceptions of his will and his authority, than they could ever derive from the principles of expediency.

Were Mr. Dymond in all cases, and on all points, as logical, as clear, and as certain of his own premises, as in this masterly refutation of Paley’s sophistry, he would have produced a work, not merely incomparably superior to every previous essay on morality—for that we believe him already to have accomplished—but unequalled in any department of

science. In many other portions of his subject he is undoubtedly equally luminous, as in the present instance, we would particularize the admirable chapters wherein he proves that many things sanctioned by the law of the land, by the law of honor, and by the law of nations, are wholly iniquitous in their nature; and consequently that the application of these laws to morality must be made with a careful distinction between the spirit and the letter; and here, as we have noticed above, if Mr. Dymond be in error, he errs as usual on the side of right; he admits the full negative power of the law, and only doubts its affirmative! He applies it against himself in its fullest rigor, but against others he denies himself the use of those enactments, which undoubtedly are liable at the least to misconception.

With regard to private obligations between man and man, particularly in affairs of a pecuniary nature, there is a stern and uncompromising honor resulting from every sense, which makes us venerate the man, even where we may differ slightly and dubiously from his bold opinions. That he has established, beyond a doubt, the utter iniquity of a man who should avail himself, in all cases, of the fullest privileges of the law, whether as an insolvent debtor, an easy creditor, or a legatee, cannot be for a moment denied: whether he may have carried his scruples even beyond the limit, may be doubtful. But here, as in the former instance, by adhering to the rules which he lays down, we can incur no censure, but that of over scrupulous integrity; while by erring on the other hand, we may fall easily, while still beneath the shadow and protection of the law, plunge headlong into the gulf of fraud and infamy.

Those topics on which, in our own opinion, he has failed to establish his position, and on some of which he is open to a charge of self-contradiction, are, the Morality of Legal Practice, the Rights of self-defence, and the Propriety of international war. These, we are well aware, are points, which by the sect to which Mr. Dymond belongs, are considered of peculiar weight, and although we cannot agree with him, nay, more, although we ourselves firmly and conscientiously believe that these things are justifiable and right under certain circumstances, we cannot deny that he has made out a most powerful case; and that, could his theories be brought simultaneously and universally into practice, the world would be wiser, better, and happier than it ever has been, or than it ever will be. That this ever will, or by any possibility ever could take place, we utterly disbelieve, and we conceive it to be in the highest degree doubtful, whether such a change could be in accordance with the dispensations, and agreeably to the will of the Supreme Disposer of events.

None can be more willing than ourselves to confess, that no picture can be painted by the mind so beautiful, as that of an universe continually at peace, of a vast population actuated in all their thoughts and motives by a spirit of mutual love and charity; esteeming patience and long-suffering superior to wisdom and valor; settling all their disputes, if disputes there must be, on principles of pure morality; discarding all the littleness and chicanery of the law, and seeking—the defendant no less eagerly than the plaintiff—to discover the true equity of the case, in order that uncompelled they might make restitution. But, alas, such schemes are but too evidently Utopian, and the wildest dreams of poets may be realized on earth with no less facility, than this lovely but impracticable plan of universal pacification.

While, however, it is so beautiful when viewed as a whole, we fear it will be found dangerous to innocence and favorable to vice, if the principles so warmly advocated by Mr. Dymond, should come, as they must do if adopted at all, into partial practice. And here it is, and here only, that we think our author has deceived himself. He started, if we understand him rightly, by assuming the divine will as the only true standard, where it is distinctly expressed; allowing the propriety of our conscientiously adopting the sanction of expediency, wherever, upon mature consideration, we can discover no other guide. In his remarks, however, upon the rights of self-defence, he seems to cast this consideration entirely aside, and at the same time to forget that he himself has allowed, in an earlier portion of the work, that there are many passages of scripture which are to be considered in a figurative and not in a literal sense. We have not, however, either the space or the inclination to go deeply into this subject; the fact being this, that on topics such as these all men have their own pre-conceived opinions, and that it generally avails but little to interfere with such. In short, we neither believe that Mr. Dymond's essay will induce the world at large to consider self-defence as criminal, nor do we flatter ourselves that we have arguments to wean him from his innocent, or at worst only self-detrimental, error. With a sincere admiration for his morality, a full conviction of his worth and of his benevolent intentions, and with almost a sense of veneration for his very failings, springing as they do from motives the most pure and pious, we take leave of Mr. Dymond; and in conclusion we recommend his essays most earnestly to the attention of all our readers, fully convinced that the worst may be rendered incalculably better, and that the best cannot possibly lose one iota of their goodness by the perusal of this singular and original production.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Vir bonus est quis?—HOR.

WHETHER the sense of the English words, which we have prefixed to our present lucubrations, have precisely the same force with the enquiry of the Roman Satirist or no, is not the point that we would now consider. It is enough for us, that in the days of Horace,—aye, and long years before the day of Horace, for the latin question is but translated from the self-same query in the yet more ancient Greek,—there was the same character of doubt and mystery attached to the peculiar qualities essential to constitute a *vir bonus*, a man of good, as the barons of the conqueror would have styled it, or a gentleman, as we now term it, as there is at the present hour. It might afford an interesting study to the etymologist, this same word *gentle*!—Whence cometh it—of what tongue was it born,—what doth it signify? Its obvious derivation would seem to be the latin word *gens*, a nation, race, or family.—What then? Are we to deem that the whole Roman world were gentlemen?—It is a puzzler. By a gentleman, we now mean something peculiarly refined, uncommon, and as far as possible

removed from the *profane and vulgar rabble*. This will never do then—it cannot mean a *gentile*! Let us look somewhat lower on the tree of history—all tongues which flow from that of “the Curii with uncombed hair”—God bless us, they at least could not have been gentlemen—contain this bothering phrase! *Gentilhomme*, says the brisk and lively Gaul; *gentiluomo*, rolls from the soft *bocca Romana*, while the stately Hidalgo twirls his mustachios, and gravely boasts himself a *gentleman*. And what then does it mean? It does not mean a man of the people; it does not mean,—as we now would explain the simple adjective—a meek, peaceable, quiet citizen. For Shakspeare makes his knight—“gentle, not fearful”—that is to say, the very reverse of fearful. *Voyons!*—What is the answer of the poet of Augustus; “He who obeys the acts of legislature,—who submits himself to the enactments of the law, and to the usages of society!” What says the mail-clad baron of the middle ages? “I am a good knight and a gentleman!”—and why? Did he obey the laws—did he submit to the rules of society? Oh! dear no! But he could cleave his man, down to the chine, with his two-handed *espaldron*; he could count some six and thirty quarterings upon his unblemished escutcheon; he had a genealogical tree over his mantlepiece—with “about this time was created Adam,” some half-way up the stem;—he killed his ten or twelve brace of Saracens before his breakfast, with as little remorse as a modern dandy bags his woodcocks:—he roasted a few Jews in the dungeons of his castle, now and then, as a ready way of raising the wind, or *faute de mieux* to make a wet day pass more agreeably—he paid a fine of three and two pence to the king, if he hung a vassal by his thumbs over a slow fire,—and then called himself a gentleman! Nay, if any poor devil doubted it, he brought him into the lists, with the pleasant alternative of being knocked on the head for refusing to confess himself, or being hanged like a dog, for confessing himself, a liar!—This was your gentleman of the middle ages. What was the gentleman of England, under the Lion Queen? He kept a worshipful house,—a buttery full of beef and beer, for every vagabond that was too lazy to work for it; his hall was full of hounds, brachs, terriers, and curs of low degree; his kitchen was full of blue-coated serving-men, who did no mortal thing but eat all the morning and drink all night; while the gentleman himself hallooed to his hounds, or flew his hawks till noon, and devoted the remainder of the day to getting as gloriously drunk as possible; he went to church in state on Sunday, and with much ado signed his own name at the foot of his leases. This was your gentleman of the good old times of Queen Bess. Then came the gentleman of the House of Stuart,—and why, pray, was he a gentleman?—He swore the newest and most exquisitely imagined oaths; he drank deep, played deep; lived by cheating his tradesmen, and died, ten to one, in a riot at Alsatia, or a duel at King’s Elms. His wit was ribaldry, his love licentiousness, his play trickery, his honor a bubble, his valor—the only shadow of a virtue he possessed, and therefore was he a gentleman. Then came your pompous, frigid, courteous, false, and artificial gentleman of Chesterfield, sinning according to a standard, and differing only from the last, in that he so far exceeded him in vice, as hypocrisy is more detestable than downright, open, uncompromising villainy. Then came your gentleman of George the Fourth,—your fine gentleman—your gentleman of the world.—

And why the deuce was he a gentleman? His claims were these—he cleaned his white-top boots with champagne and raspberry jam—*à la Beau Brummel*, instead of the more vulgar oxalic acid—he wore a coat by Stultz, a vest by some one else, a pair of breeches by a third!—he was a gentleman, because his tailor made him so, and more particularly because he was superbly and supremely selfish, base, ignorant, and contemptible? Alas! shall we never get to the truth? Ask the Millionaire—“Why are you a gentleman?”—“Because I have a million in the stocks, half a county in freehold estate, and half-a-dozen rotten boroughs.” Ask the merchant, “Why are you a gentleman?”—“Did you ever hear that my paper had lain over?”—Ask that dandy without a shilling—“Demme, I keep the very best company!—My set is tip top!—Besides, I am “*homme à bonnes fortunes*; I have caused three divorces, fought two duels, and ruined half a score at *écarté*, one of whom shot himself next morning, and seven or eight more are now living on their wits at *Boulogne sur mer*!”—Very definite undoubtedly—very clear—but we have not yet got to generals—we are still in particulars—But *Quousque tandem*. Is it not strange

“That these things are,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder.—”

Is it not marvellous that ye are all gentlemen, for this, or that, or the other, without a single quality in common, or a single quality, on which one prides himself, that the other would not utterly condemn, and abhor?—Since it is then impossible to decide on the question, what *is* a gentleman, let us see if we can get more readily to the solution of another, What *should* a gentleman *be*? And first what should he not be? A gentleman should *not* be arrogant, boastful, quarrelsome, nor yet low-minded, tame, or cringing;—devoted to amusement, nor yet a condemner of innocent relaxation;—given up to business, nor yet idle; pedantic, nor yet ignorant;—irreligious, nor yet austere; an evil-speaker, nor yet reluctant to speak boldly when occasion may require; prodigal, nor yet avaricious.—A gentleman must be *proud*—too proud, as Sir Lucius has it, to do a dirty action;—too proud to fear, that he should compromise himself by courtesy, even to the lowest of his brethren;—too proud to say a word behind the back, which he dare not utter to the face;—too proud to shrink from doing that, which he himself considers right, though half the world should swear that it were wrong.—Too proud to court the great, or to despise the humble; too proud to fear to own himself afraid to sin. A gentleman must be brave, self-possessed, ever ready to incur danger, in behalf of injured weakness, or in self-defence. *Charitable*, not in the narrow sense of giving alms, but in judging mildly, in defending the absent, in parrying the unkind taunt, in never giving wilful pain, even by a jest, to any human being!—*Kind*, not to his family, his friends, his fellow-beings only, but to every beast that grazes on the field, every bird that cleaves the air, every reptile that grovels in the dust! Courteous to all men! Attentive to the sex! Respectful to old age! Unswerving in veracity! Unswayed by custom!—A promoter of the happiness of society at large, whether in trifles, or in matters of the greatest consequence! He must hold his country dearer than his life, his honor dearer than his country, his integrity more dear than either, and his God most dear of all! A GENTLEMAN MUST BE A CHRISTIAN! X.

THE REEFER'S FIRST CRUISE.

THE morning after my unfortunate toast, I was up early and woke Harry, being anxious to see as much as possible before the ship sailed, of a place famous both in ancient and modern times. I was upon one of the pillars of Hercules, and I was conjuring up all manner of classical associations, when Harry drawled out "how many bells is it?" "Why Harry," said I, "I know that the bells, as you call them, have some reference to time, but you have not yet explained to me what it is; however, it is a little past six o'clock." "The d---l," was the reply; "what did you call me for then; never call a watch officer till seven bells, that is, half past seven; but I suppose, as I am pretty wide awake, I may as well turn out. The bells go to eight; the first bell strikes when the first half-hour-glass has run out, increasing one every time the glass is turned; so that eight bells are four hours, and all the odd bells mark half hours, while the even ones mark hours. Twelve, four, and eight o'clock are each eight bells, and then the watch is relieved, except in the dog-watch, and the first dog-watch is relieved at six. That, you see, is to have things come ship-shape, so that every man shall have a fair share of duty. The men are in two watches, but we are in three; and you see, as there are seven watches and tally, it just comes changey for changey, the black dog for the white monkey, you know." "Now stop, Harry, or, as you say, avast; I understand just about as much of the bells, and watches, and *changeys*, as you call them, as I do about the black dogs and the white monkeys, that you are pleased to compare them to; and if this is the way I am to gain a knowledge of my profession, it seems to me that my chance of learning will be about as fair as that of an illiterate American of learning French, who was to be taught by one who spoke nothing but Spanish." "Well, well, that's true—blast the champagne—here is as pretty a chart of the western islands on my white casimeres, as ever was laid down on paper; the thundering wine brewer must have made it out of perry and white brandy and sugar, or molasses; here is sweetening enough to set up a confectioner. Well, no matter, I'll clap a little pipe-clay on it, soger fashion. But about the watches, you will learn all that quick enough when you get on board. You see, when you have the watch from eight to twelve in the morning, you have the second dog-watch, and the morning watch the night after; but when you have the watch from eight to twelve, then you have no—curse this starboard boot, it wants two Spanish burtons to get it on—dog-watch at all; but then you have—there, you see my foot walks into this larboard boot like a shin of beef into a beggar's wallet, and the infernal thing fits like a purser's shirt on a handspike—the first watch at night, and that brings it all end for end, you see!" "I see, Harry, that the end of it is, I am like to get no information at all upon the subject; and now, when you get your *bloody* hair in order—I suppose that's seamanlike, is'nt it? (his hair was of a beautiful red)—suppose we see what we can before breakfast." Away we went, and the Tower of Blue-beard, the old Moorish Wall, the Ragged Staff, and the Water-port, were all pointed out to me.

After breakfast, which consisted almost entirely of fruit and wine, we made sail, to use the phrase of the company, for the galleries, and after visiting them, ascended to the top of the rock. The view was beautiful, and I have enjoyed it much since; but at the time my attention was rivetted upon our little squadron; the idea of being an officer on duty was uppermost, and if the air-built castles, that had arisen on the passage from America, and upon which I had at once mounted to preferment, were gone, no more to return, still the cunning architects, hope and imagination, were busily engaged erecting others that I thought more firmly based, if not as beautiful. They pointed out to me the shot that had been thrown into the rock during the siege, and told me that they were left there partly as trophies, and partly because the calibre of the old French and English guns were different, and they were not fit to return to the enemy.

Again we dined at the Crown and Anchor, but this time I kept so well on my guard, that I committed no solecism against seamanship, or seaman-like manners. After dinner, we adjourned to the billiard room, and being fresh from a collegiate course, which then included—and I believe does now—a pretty close appliance to the beautiful game of billiards, I beat them all handsomely.

That night at ten o'clock we all went on board from the Ragged Staff, and for the first time in my life I swung in a hammock. I had heard of tricks played upon young midshipmen the first night, and requested Harry to see if my hammock—I had found out that it was not to be called a bag, although it looked marvellously like one—was *tied up tight*. "Tied up tight," said Harry, "you deserve to be let down by the head for such a speech, but I'll see that the laniards are all made fast. Boy, bring some slush here, this bloody laniard won't render at all," and he greased it and put it first through one hole and then through another, and then through a third, and then tied a large knot in it. "There," said he, as he finished, "that is a hitch you will learn to take by and by. Now turn in." I got in with some difficulty, and lay very quietly for a few minutes, when I felt that I was sinking. I tried to catch hold of something, but there was nothing over me but a beam, and down I came on the floor, amid the shouts of the whole steerage. There was nothing to be done, for although I was sure it was intentional, I could not tell who to ascribe it to. I got up, and refusing all proffers of assistance, tied it up in a manner that proved to be secure, if not seaman-like. I slept pretty well, although I was a little afraid of rolling out, and turned round very gingerly, and very seldom.

The next morning I was awakened by a grinding noise over my head, and not being able to sleep, dressed myself, and went on deck. The men were employed in dragging huge stones over every part of the sanded deck they could carry them to, and where they could not be brought to bear, men on their knees were rubbing away with smaller ones. This, I learned from one of the officers, was holy stoning, the large stones being called holy stones, and the small ones hand-bibles. After the operation was over, the decks were washed with buckets of salt water, and after the water had been pushed off the decks with machines called *squillgees*, made of part of the head of a barrel—the straight part of which had a strip of leather on it—with a handle to it, they were dried with large mops, called swabs.

About half past six, Ireton came on deck, and after asking me how long I had been up, proposed walking up and down the quarter-deck, telling me that I must never stand still or lounge on it. We had scarcely taken a couple of turns, when the first lieutenant called us, and told me that I was in the second watch with Mr. Ireton, and that he would station and quarter me hereafter. Before I had time to ask Harry in what manner he proposed quartering me, he sung out, "by the man of the mast, there goes up a signal," pointing at the same time to the flag-ship. "This is," he continued, "cross top-gallant and royal yards." We shall get under way to-day; the old man never gets his sticks across unless he has the muslin bent to them, and means to make use of it." "All hands up top-gallant and royal yards," cried the boatswain, and two or three of his mates repeated the cry, preluding the summons with a shrill whistle. In an instant the men were running about in all directions, the officers rushing up from below to gain their stations, and for a minute or two, to my unpractised eye, all was confusion, and then again a dead silence reigned. Three minutes more, and the sound of a drum was heard from on board the commodore, and instantly answered by our own. "Stand by," cried the first lieutenant through the trumpet. "Sway away," and up went the six yards. The drums rolled three times, one or two quick orders through the trumpet again, the yards were instantly across, the ensign floating at the gaff, a long pennant hanging from the mast-head, and the jack flying upon a staff at the end of the bowsprit. "Pipe to breakfast," and instantly a flourish was executed by the boatswain and his mates, upon their shrill pipes, that would most certainly have routed both the audience and performers at an Italian opera.

"Now," said Harry, "it is your watch on deck, so you may walk up and down the larboard side of the deck with me. We marched fore and aft for about twenty minutes, when another officer came up to Harry, touched his hat, and said, "I relieve you, sir." "Very good, sir," was the answer; and then turning towards me,—"you have no relief, so I will ask the officer of the deck to give you permission to go below to breakfast." It was obtained, and down we went. "What have you got for breakfast this morning, boy," shouted Harry. "Lobscouse, sir, and fried duff, and a beef-bone, with a bit of cold pork." "Well, hurra, Burnham, we must bear a hand, or else all hands will be called before we can get our grub. I expect we will get under way as soon as the wind breezes up; help yourself, and heave that sugar-bowl at my head; we don't stand much upon ceremony here; this is the rough alley mess. What! don't you take sugar? why, you are a profitable messmate:" and Harry kept rattling away like a lamp-lighter, and stowing away an incredible quantity of provisions in a very short time. I finished my breakfast first, and then watched him pour down cup after cup of tea that had no more flavor than warm water, and swallow slice after slice of the fried pudding, until I thought such a mass of food would unfit him for any active duty during the next six hours. Again we went on deck, the hands were turned to, another signal run up on board of the commodore, the captain's gig was manned, and he went on board. In a short time he returned and ordered all the boats hoisted in. "Get up the rolling and yard tackles, attend to getting up those tackles young gentlemen," cried the officer of the deck. In a short time all hands were called, the boats were

hoisted in, and we proceeded to unmoor. "Now," said Harry, "do you stand here, and the moment you hear the first lieutenant sing out, 'heave round,' do you keep singing out, 'heave, men, heave,' 'walk around with her,' 'heave cheerily,' and don't stop talking until you hear him sing out, 'avast heaving.'" I obeyed, and for half an hour did nothing else but use those three sentences, like a parrot, for I certainly attached very little meaning to the words, and saw no use for them as each man appeared to exert himself to the utmost. It however pleased the captain, and Harry came round once or twice to tell me to keep on. We were soon lying at single anchor, and I was told we were short, but what it meant I did not well know. At twelve we piped to dinner, and I received permission to go down. It was soon over, and when I again came on deck there was a breeze setting in from the westward. At a little past one the cry was "all hands up anchor." Every man did his best, and in a few moments a cloud of canvass was upon her. We hove our main-topsail to the mast to get into our station, catted and fished the anchors, and at three o'clock piped down.

We were now just passing Point Europa, with a light breeze, and all sail set, the commodore's ship was ahead and on our starboard bows, the schooner was abeam of us on the commodore's starboard quarter. The appearance of the rock was changing every moment, and the abrupt precipice, on the mediterranean side, gave a better idea of its height, than even the walk up it had given. I was delighted, but Harry told me, I must come down into the steerage for a few minutes, and bend a fresh suit of sails. Down we went, and he made me take off my full dress uniform, and put on an old undress that I had provided for heavy weather. He then took me to the purser's steward, and made me purchase a glazed cap, and a pair of coarse shoes; after this we again went into the steerage, where four or five of them were seated around the table, and a glass of rum and water was handed to me. I drank it, but did not find its flavor very pleasant, and was glad to take away the taste by swallowing a bit of biscuit and some hard, salt Dutch cheese. All the rest, however, took it down with an appearance of great satisfaction, and told me I was very lucky to get such stuff as that, instead of the new whiskey that a ship fresh from the United States always carried. After this was done, he proposed going on to the forecandle to smoke a cigar, to which I readily agreed. When we arrived on the little top-gallant forecandle, he told me that it was the only part of the ship where we were allowed to smoke, and that I must remember it, for I would certainly be suspended if I smoked any where else. In a short time the steerage boy called us to supper, and just as we had finished, an officer poked his head into the steerage, crying out, "Six o'clock, gentlemen." "Now," said Harry, "it is our watch on deck, until eight o'clock, and after that we shall have two watches below, eight hours to *calk*, and that is enough for any body. We went on deck and paced up and down the lee side of the deck, talking in an under tone about our probable cruise. It was too late for a run up the Arches, and the squadron had just left Mahon, so it must be either the Barbary coast or Leghorn we were bound to, perhaps both.

During our speculations the captain came on deck. "Touch your hat," said Harry, raising his hand to his cap, "always touch your hat when an officer comes on the quarter deck, and when you come on it yourself; it is a mark of respect to the deck."

The captain said something to the officer of the deck, was answered with a short "ay, ay, sir," and the officer raised his trumpet, "stand by to roll up the royals and get in the topgallant stun-sails," and after a short pause, "are you ready in the fore-top?" "All ready, sir." "Ready in the main?" "All ready, sir." "Ready in the mizen?" "All ready, sir." "Clue up, haul down, bear a hand main-top-men, down with that fore-topgallant stun-sail, rig in your booms. Young gentlemen, see the decks cleared up," and in an instant every thing was again quiet. Six bells struck, and Harry took me aft to see the log hove. Seven bells, and the officer of the deck ordered the pumps manned; eight stout men worked at them for about fifteen minutes, and threw up so much water that I thought the ship must leak a good deal. Harry, however, informed me, that every morning and evening water was let into the ship to cleanse her and keep her sweet, and that she was as tight as any ship in the service. "Eight bells, sir," said the quarter-master to me. "Go to the officer of the deck," said Harry, "and just say, eight bells, sir." I did so, and the officer barely said, "make it eight, sir." This puzzled me. I did not exactly know how I was to do the thing, but as I was looking for Harry, the quarter-master asked if he should make it eight. "Yes, sir," said I, "make it eight," and in another instant the bell was struck, the watch called, and the log hove; in a very few minutes we were all relieved, and each midshipman of the next watch was mustering his men in a careless tone that I feared I should not very soon be able to command. We went below, and found the hammocks all piled in the corner of the steerage, and the midshipmen sitting around the table with a can of smoking hot stuff before them. I was helped to some of it, and found it quite palatable. It was a compound of rum, butter, and sugar, with a little pepper, to do duty instead of nutmeg. Just as we were finishing our grog, a short thick set man, with arms reaching almost to his ankles, and with very short legs, came into the steerage, and in a voice that seemed to come from the hold, asked if some gentleman would not give him a glass of grog, to drink out his birth day. "Why, Dennis," said one, "you had two birth days last week." "Oh no, sir, there was the action of the Constitution, and Cyane, and Levant, and the day when I come pretty near losing the number of my mess by being washed off the fore-castle." A glass of raw rum was given to him in my name, and he was told that he ought to drink my health. He turned round, and after eyeing me for about a minute, he began, "Here's my respects to you, sir, may you see many a bloody war, and many a sickly season; may you shoulder a swab as soon as you can handle a horn; and may you never want a glass of grog for yourself, nor another for a poor chap like me, that has been knocked about the world for forty years, and knows the comfort of it. Here's luck." Dennis swallowed his grog, and with a tug at his forelock, and "thankee, sir," walked off. The hammocks were then slung, and just after we had turned in, an officer came down to see the lights out; the bell had struck for nine o'clock, and I was informed that that was called jawing bell, and that after it struck, there must be no more talking in the steerage.

I was soon asleep, but was startled every few minutes by the shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate, fearing that all hands might be called. At four in the morning, an officer gave me a shake, and said, "four o'clock, sir." In an instant I was on deck, huddling my clothes upon me like lightning;

the officer and Harry both laughed, and told me that there was no necessity for being in quite so great a hurry, as we were allowed ten minutes to relieve in. In much less than that time I was on deck, and in a few minutes after Harry came up, and handed me a book containing a watch and quarter bill, and told me that after the officer of the deck cried out, "relieve the watch," I must muster the mizen-top-men, and after guard, while he was mustering the main-top-men and waisters. I went through with it, trembling a little at the sound of my own voice, and reported one man absent. "Send a boatswain's mate for him, sir." He was soon found, and having no excuse, he was ordered to take off his jacket, the boatswain's mate was ordered to go on with him, and after he had received half a dozen stripes he was dismissed. This I thought rather a hard punishment, but Harry thought it was nothing, and told me I might expect to see such trifles every day. "On Sunday," said he, "they will probably clear out the brig, that is, punish the men who are now confined under the sentry's charge, and then you will see the cat used, and that is a pretty savage looking business, but there comes day-break, you could see a grey horse half a mile even now; we must see that every thing is cleared up for a wash," and immediately all the men were set to work coiling every thing away on the belaying pins. "Now," said Harry, "do you station yourself aft, here by the mizen-mast, and see that the men scrub away like the very d—l, and if you can find the least bit of dirt, after they have gone over any part of the deck, roar at them like blazes, and if the skipper comes on deck, the more noise you make the better." The whips were got on the yards, and water was passed fore and aft in great quantities. The officer of the deck seated himself in the nettings, and in five minutes the water was ankle deep on the decks. The men scrubbed and washed down, and squilgeed and swabbed, and at about half past six they rested from their watery labors, and allowed the sun to do the rest; they were then set to work to flemish down the rigging, and by seven o'clock, the ship was in apple-pie order, at least as far as the upper deck was concerned.

"This," said Harry, "is the worst part of the morning watch, you get wet feet, and feel uncomfortable until eight; but then, after that, you have two watches below, and that is some comfort." "What do you call a watch below, Harry, you do not mean that you have to keep any watch when you are not on deck, do you?" "Oh no, time on board ship is divided into watches, and whenever it is not your watch on deck, it is called your watch below." "Seven bells, sir."—"Very well, quarter-master."—"Now," turning to me, "do you go down, and waken all the officers in the two steerages, and I will call the ward-room officers."

I went down and informed the midshipmen of the time, and there was a general request to tell a boatswain's mate to send the hammock boys aft. When I came up again, each man was bringing up his hammock, and the quarter-masters were stowing them away in the nettings. At eight bells every thing was ready for breakfast, and I was ordered to tell the boatswain to pipe to it, a few minutes after, and we were relieved: I went below wet, weary, and weak, but dry clothes and breakfast soon brought me up again; and when I relieved to breakfast I felt quite comfortable. After my relief had breakfasted I went forward and smoked a segar, and then went to the

steerage where the officers were assembled, to hear how I liked what I had seen of the service. After a few general questions, I was put upon a kind of examination, and after they found that I knew where all the square-sails and stun-sails were set, they commenced a series of questions about the stay-sails. As I had never seen these set, I of course knew little about them. "Do you know where the bob-stay-stay-sail is?" said one. "I never heard of it." "Well, it is set over the bob-stay to catch the wind that goes through the hawse-hole: now remember that." "Gentlemen," said I, "perhaps it will be as well to understand each other at once. I see you are bent upon hoaxing me as much as possible, and I am willing to bear a little running; but remember that a green horn's patience may be exhausted, and that there is such a thing as too much pork for a shilling." My threat was taken good humoredly, and after it, they gave me more real information, and put fewer hoaxes upon me, and with the occasional exception of an inquiry as to how I would reeve my tea-kettle-halliards, or where I would lead my frying-pan-down-haul to, I was no more vexed with impertinent questions.

The weather was delightful, and we passed Cape de Gatt without a gale of wind—a very unusual occurrence—and after a very pleasant passage, found ourselves off Leghorn. I was delighted at the prospect of visiting Italy, and as I felt a little at my ease in going through the routine of duty, was quite a happy man. But the wind that had been light and fair almost all the time, shifted round, and began to blow fresh. I was stationed in the mizen-top, and for the first time since I had been on board, all hands were called to reef top-sails. I got up into the mizen-top, and when the men lay out, placed myself on the cap. In a few minutes the top-sails were reefed, and all hands piped down. After the lapse of a couple of hours, we were again called to reef—but this time there was a pretty heavy sea on, and my footing on the cap was not very secure: still I got through with it. The wind still increased, and the sea rose to a great height, and just at night-fall we were called to take in the third reef, and get down the small spars. This time, the first lieutenant had his doubts whether my sea legs were well aboard, and suggested to the captain a doubt whether I could stand it. "If he can't stand it in let him lay it," was the reply. I heard it and shinned up. We took in the close reef, and then furled the sail, and the yard was hoisted high enough to keep every thing clear of the cap. I might then have left the top, but did not know it, and took the alternative the captain had suggested. I laid down in the top, holding on to the weather rigging, and bracing my feet against the running rigging that passed through the lubber's hole. About an hour after, the first became aware of my situation, and ordered me down. When I got on deck, I found all the officers to the windward, clinging to the life-lives that were rove along the guns, and as I joined them, we shipped a sea, out of which I swallowed about a gallon of salt water. This was not very pleasant, but I had to put the best face I could upon it. The gale increased until we were obliged to heave to under a close reefed main-top-sail and storm stay-sails. Then came the order to get our top-gallant-masts on deck, and again I was obliged to go aloft. Not knowing the difference, I chose the lee rigging, which is always slack, and I thought my insides would have been

jerked out at each roll. At last, however, the spars were got down, and I went on deck, knowing that I could not be called upon again.

The day broke, and to me the ship looked like a perfect wreck. Her tall spars had lost their fair proportions; the rigging hung round her mast-heads in bights, she was rolling violently, and groaning and creaking in all her joints. "Pipe down, sir," said the first, resigning the trumpet to the watch officer, and at the welcome sound we all tumbled down into the steerage in very short order. This time I was pretty well exhausted, and a glass of rum and water had not quite so disagreeable a taste as before; a slice of raw pork too, with a piece of biscuit, went very well; and it was seasoned with that rough mirth that is always to be found in a steerage, and generally rises with the wind. The watch on deck were relieved to take a nip, and before we could turn in, I had a thousand questions asked me about my feelings.—"How do you like a sheepshank in the back stays?"—"Fine weather this for flying-fish, isn't it?"—"Aint a top a nice place for dancing, when the wind whistles through the rigging like a Virginia nigger?"—"Don't three storm-staysails and a close reefed main-topsail look sweet?"—with many more queries of the same nature.

We turned in, and after a few hours' sleep, found the ship under three double reefed topsails, with the wind abeam, but rolling very heavily. That evening we came to in Leghorn roads, and I was ordered out of the mizen-top, for a short time, and sent up to see the mainsail furled. I was about half way out on the yard, when, all at once, they all made a surge, and the motion of the foot rope threw me directly over the main-yard; one of the men caught me by the jacket, and hauled me back. After we were below I mentioned the fact, and one of the old officers told me that I was a lucky dog; for when a man began life with heavy weather, although it might stick to him for some time, in the end, he would steer clear of trouble a good deal better than luckier men. "I suppose," he added, "it is because it teaches him to keep a bright look out to windward, and to stand by for squalls."

"IN YONDER LAKE OF SILVER SHEEN."

In yonder lake of silver sheen,
A heaven of glory shines;
There, sunset's glancing beams are seen—
There, the pale moon reclines.

Thus should the soul—a waveless sea,
From which earth's cares are driven—
From passion's ruffling tempest free,
Reflect the light of Heaven.

O.

THE SPIRIT.

A NARRATIVE.

Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,
 The dark way never hath allowed return?
 That all, which tears can move, with life is fled,
 That earthly love is powerless with the dead?
 Believe it not!—there is a large lone star,
 Now burning o'er yon western hill afar,
 And under its clear light there lies a spot,
 Which well might utter forth—Believe it not.

MRS. HEMANS.

WE have, at many times, held conversations on the subject of the departed soul, and it has ever been your custom to tax me with prejudice and superstition, utterly at variance with the scrutinizing and perhaps incredulous caste of mind which you have, not perhaps erroneously, supposed me to possess, when I have avowed myself a firm believer in the possible return of spirits.

That I do entertain a conviction of this truth, scarcely less firm than my faith in the religion which I profess, you have not now to learn, although neither to you nor to any being that draws the breath of life have the reasons, which led me to this strong conviction, been divulged. Why I should now sit down to drag them from the secrecy in which they have lain so many years, I am almost at a loss to say. That you will be convinced, by that which you will not have read, until the hand that traced the narrative shall be as a lifeless clod in the valley, I do not expect, nor do I in truth wish that you should do so.

To me, indeed, this faith has been for years a single source of consolation amidst unutterable anguish; it has, I believe, preserved my reason, and with Him alone, from whom no secrets are hid, does the knowledge rest, whether it have not likewise rescued me from an immortality of evil. To me, I said, this faith has been a source of consolation; I might have said of exquisite and unmingled pleasure. To you it might be otherwise. That which conveys a solace to the miserable, is not, on that account, less likely to be a cause of pain to those who need no comfort. There is, however, at this moment an all-engrossing desire of communicating the results of my experience to one other human mind, before I shall myself go hence to that unknown and unimagined region where we shall see and apprehend all things, no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face. An impulse, which I cannot resist, compels me to write; a passion, no less strong and burning now, than it was long years ago, has the mastery of my thoughts,—and I must do its bidding.

You knew me not until time, and sorrow, and sad experience of that empty vanity which men have styled the world, had tamed the external form, if not the inward spirit, of those fierce passions, which existed in my bosom from my earliest youth, and which have exercised so absolute an empire over my

destinies, whether for good or evil. But although I had learned to veil them from the eyes of men, beneath a hard and careless show of indifference, although fools and babblers have deemed me cold, and calculating, the vehemence of my feelings had no more ceased to exist, than the current of yon river to run, because, forsooth, it finds its course by subterraneous channels, so far removed from the ken of mortals that not the slightest murmur rises to the surface, to tell of its viewless chafings against all obstacles that bar its darkling way. Few men, I believe, at any period of the world, have known what it is to love, as I have loved—to hate, as I have hated. Moderation had no portion in me. Whatever was the object of the moment, that was the all in all. I have expended energies, and time, and labor, which might have won an empire's wealth, in the pursuit of some mere bauble. Day after day have I hunted the wild denizens of nature to their remotest haunts, careless of food, or needful rest; night after night have I devoured, in the fierce enthrallment of deep play; and in each, and all, there was an almost savage eagerness in my devotion to excitement, that awed, while it fascinated, my companions. Aye! you start as you read my words,—you almost deem that reason has deserted me,—that a morbid self-delusion has possessed me,—causing me to misconceive my own emotions, and to portray myself a monster.

A change—a fearful change had been wrought in the whole train of my feelings, ere it was our lot to meet upon this stage of tears. I tell you, that these gray hairs, which now so thinly shade a brow, seamed yet more deeply by the fiery plough-share of mental agony, than by the flight of years, are not more changed from the black curls of him who fought beside you on the heights of Abraham, than was the mind of the cold, passionless, and polished soldier, whom you then, for the first time, admitted to your friendship, from that of the rash, fiery, and unthinking boy, who, one short year before, could not have veiled his slightest emotion from the eyes of men, though life itself had been at stake.

I loved! That was the spell which, in an instant, changed me from a mere toy of my own impulses to a reflecting, self-controlled, but still enthusiastic man. I loved!—not with that wretched, puling sentiment, which the heartless drivellers of society call Love, but with that deep, intense, and agitating passion, which is at once the most delightful, the most painful, and the most powerful master of the human heart. No. I will not describe her.—Describe her! Who can describe—who that has truly loved can even set before the eyes of his own spirit, the true resemblance of one whom he has lost? Never!—by heaven!—never,—since that tremendous day, although I have brooded, week after week, in utter solitude, devoting every exertion of my fancy, torturing my failing recollection, pondering, till my faculties have given way,—have I been able to recall that lovely, that most musical of countenances to my spirit's gaze. Her voice rings in mine ears for ever. On the restless ocean! its sweet cadences are there distinct and clear above the roar of mingling elements; in the yet wilder strife of men! the booming of the close artillery has never banished for a moment those dear sounds. Thirty long years have passed away since living ears have heard her voice, yet to this very day, the night but seldom passes, without my springing from my broken slumbers, in the full conviction that she has called upon my name.

I loved, and I was loved again!—Not as I worshipped her, for in the adoration which consumed my inmost soul, there was a restless, agonizing fire, which had no portion in her pure devotedness. Oh! she was purer, and more gentle, than aught of human mould, yet sensitive, and spirited, and surpassingly intellectual.

Even in the earliest days of our affection, there was at times a painful brilliancy in those most liquid orbs, a fearful fluttering spot of crimson on those pallid cheeks,—but then I marked them not. Our meetings were sanctioned by the friends of both, yet did we ever wander forth into the beautiful solitudes of nature, preferring her silent fellowship to all the world could offer. Often we wandered forth beneath the glorious summer twilight, and lingered till the stars were almost waning in the sky, wrapt up in one another. Our converse was of sympathies, not words. Our feelings were too deep for language, and so the summer passed away; the next would see her mine. The next!—O God!—O God!—that I should have survived to write it. Those fatal, fatal wanderings, had slain her. The pale cheek waxed paler, the red glare was daily more abrupt, the brightness of the eye grew horrible. They ordered her to seek her health in milder latitudes—and I,—I, wretch! infatuated, blinded fool! hoped, nay, believed, that I should clasp her yet again in health restored, and loveliness, more fresh than ever. The night before she sailed—should I live myriads of years, never shall I forget one incident of that last night—we wandered forth again. Yet now my eyes were opened to the madness; urgently, anxiously did I beseech her to defer that ramble till more happy days, but she for once persisted, and when I pressed the point more warmly, hinted that I grew weary of her company, and then I yielded. You know that wood-girt hill, with its gray coronet of granite, and pure cascade, leaping an hundred feet at each successive plunge, that rises on the western verge of my paternal farm. That was the scene of our last interview; often had we stood on the rocky verge of that pure streamlet, in the first days of our affection, gazing in unclouded happiness over the lovely prospect, on the fairest portion of which we had hoped to live, perhaps to die together. On this very spot it was, in truth, that my feelings had first found language to express themselves, that I had pressed her yielding hand, and listened with breathless rapture to her confession of mutual attachment. It was, therefore, by an almost instinctive impulse that our feet were turned in that direction on the evening of our parting—our parting, alas! for ever. Our hearts were too full for words, and many minutes had elapsed before either of us dared trust ourselves to speak. As long as we remained in silence, we could with difficulty swallow our emotions, but we felt that with our words, the whole intensity of our feelings must at once gush forth in the hot tears of passion.

We reached the brow of the well known precipice—we stood beneath the chill and gusty sky of an autumnal evening, with the sere leaves falling fast around us, like ourselves, the faded reminiscences of gayer hours, and the stream, which, in the arid heats of summer, had whispered such soft music from its unfailing source, brawling along in sad and sullen violence. The moon was up, and the dark firmament studded with its starry host, burning even more brilliantly, as it would seem, thus at the verge of winter, than in the milder, but less transparent atmosphere of softer

seasons. We stood in silence, conscious, though we communicated not our thoughts by any audible medium, that the hearts of both were occupied by the same, solitary, over-ruling sense of sorrow and anxiety.

"You will come hither,"—she said at length, and with an evident effort,—“you will come hither, when I shall be far away!—will you not? Henry, my beloved! you will come nightly at this calm hour, and gaze upon yonder star; it is larger and brighter than all, save the wandering planets, and I have fancied, at times, when melancholy fancy prevailed over calmer reason, that yonder bright intelligence was mingled up, I know not how, with the thread of mine own destinies. Hark! it is the village clock—nightly, when that same chime is ringing, promise me, Henry, that you will gaze on that particular star, and think of her, who is gone hence in search of health; less, far less from selfish motives, than that, if it be the will of HIM that her search may be successful, she may devote it solely and forever to your felicity. At that same hour, will I too fix my eyes on that, which henceforth, at least, shall be the loadstar of my heart, and think—as when shall I not think of thee?—of home, and hope, and happiness. It will be one link the more between us; it will be, as it were, an interchange of feelings; a conversation of the soul, appreciated, and, Oh! how fully understood, though thousands of miles may intervene of stormy ocean!” I promised, and we parted.

From that night forth, whether the earth were clothed in sheeted snow, or the wintry shower were drenching all things with its pitiless fury, whether the frosty moon were riding in the cloudless vault, or all were dark and overcast, the self-same hour found me a lonely pilgrim, at the shrine of my past happiness. There was a melancholy joy in the task, although it was most frequently to be traced in the choaking spasm of the throat, and the tear-drop burning the eye like lava, still it was joy. Each word that we had spoken, each glance of her eloquent eye, each smile of her most gentle mouth, was present to my mind; and as time lagged onward, and the first stunning misery of separation was assuaged, hope, false, self-deluding hope, resumed her sway, and I, who had, a few short weeks before, been taught by the forebodings of my reason to despair, began to look forward, with a feeling of almost confidence, to the return of my beloved.

In such a state of mind, I had climbed the hill according to my wont,—my eyes were fixed upon that glittering speck in the bosom of immensity; the night was clear and frosty, a strong northwester had swept every trace of vapor or humidity from the dry firmament, and every star was blazing in beautiful distinctness. Sneer not!—nor shake your head with that incredulous smile; for by my hopes of heaven, what I tell you is no less true, no less deeply impressed upon my understanding and upon my heart, than the truths, which I believe will lead me to her presence once again, when this mortal shall have put on immortality.

As my eyes were fixed upon *her* star—I cannot write her name!—a shadow passed across it—its silver light was changed into a dim and lucid crimson, as you may have seen the sun's, when wrapped in fog; but there was neither fog nor cloud from the zenith down to the horizon. So little did aught of the supernatural occur to me, that, fancying my eyes to be

overstrained and dazzled with the fixedness of my gaze, I passed my hands before them. I looked forth again, and there it hung, a drop of blood-like fire, amidst the argent lamps of heaven. A quick shiver ran through my frame—I turned, in the conviction that some being felt, but not seen, was at my elbow. She stood beside me! paler, and fairer, than when I had seen her last, but as palpably distinct to the eye. There was a melancholy smile upon her features, but that melancholy was not of earth; there was none of that haggard expression, none of that selfishness of sorrow which marks the care of mortals; nothing that called for pity. It partook rather of that mournful sweetness, which we fancy as an attribute of angelic spirits; which, as it is heard in all rich melodies, so it exists in all most lovely countenances; it was the majestic, pensive sadness of beatitude. I knew that she was dead. I minuted the hour and the night upon my tablets; but it needed not, these were written on the pages of my soul. I would have reasoned away the impression; but it would not depart. Days passed—weeks, months, and there were no tidings. England and America were then one country—no struggles had arisen between the glorious mother and the first born, and the fairest of her children; yet even then, the seeds were sowing, which have grown up into a harvest of discontent, that is reaping even now, by that mortal scythe, the sword. The preceding autumn had seen the defeat of Braddock, the French war was at its height, the youthful energies of Washington were enlisted in behalf of that monarch, whom he is laboring even now to strip of his crown's brightest ornament.

A British cruiser entered the nearest harbor, with a captured privateer—which it was whispered, had wrought fearful devastation among our traders, and had exercised its odious calling with more than wonted cruelty. It was ascertained, O heaven! it was ascertained, I say, beyond a doubt, that on the very night when I had seen the vision, the vessel in which *she* had sailed, was taken by these licensed pirates. From that day forth no tidings had been learnt of ship or crew. Atrocities, almost unheard-of crimes, were proved against the captive robbers—at the yard-arm they perished, but ere all was over, one breathed a fearful tale of murder, spoliation, and dishonor. It was a true one. Oh, God! that I should have lived to feel that it was better she should have died.

I hurried from the sea port to my miserable home; I rushed, with frantic violence, to the scene of our last farewell. I was resolved to go to her, and, in my wretchedness, I overlooked the certainty, that such a step would make that separation everlasting, which I now look upon as temporary, and—praise be to Him that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,—as even now drawing to its termination. I stood upon the verge—I tossed my arms aloft—I shouted forth her name to the unheeding winds, and—I WAS ANSWERED. Even then the village clock chimed the same hour it had chimed when last we stood together. I looked upon the star, and it was tinged again with that unnatural crimson. Still was my purpose firm—I gathered myself to spring—another instant, and my limbs would have been shattered on the crags, five hundred feet below. The same conviction crossed my mind, that I was not alone. I turned again, and I beheld her—but she was not the same. A painful expression of sadness sate upon her brow, her dovelike eyes were dim, and—can it be that spirits of the blessed weep for things like us?—a tear was on her cheek. She

shook her head—she pointed to the star which ruled my destinies—and the unhallowed fury passed from my heart. I was again myself. The star resumed its vivid lustre,—I thought I saw a smile upon her brow—but she was gone, ere I could gaze again.

Twice more have I beheld her upon earth, and to-morrow, aye, to-morrow, I shall be joined to her, I most implicitly believe, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Are you not yet convinced?—then will I on. I joined, as you well know, the forces destined for the conquest of the French possessions in America, and if, in those sanguinary slaughters, I acquired some repute for fearless energy and reckless valor, there was a reason for it. Aye! a two-fold reason! It was a French hand that had slaughtered her, and thenceforth was the very name of France a curse! I fought for vengeance. When my sword was crimsoned to the hilt with Gallic blood, my spirit smiled. You will remember, that, unlike our other officers, who contented themselves with ordering the movements of their men—I ever rushed into the carnage, fighting hand to hand! The best blood of France was to me, even as the juice of the wine cup is to others; and deeply did I drain it. I forgot to tell you, I had learned the name of the incarnate demon who had commanded in that privateer. When our troops were sitting down before Quebec, the day before the glorious conflict on the heights, I was detached with a party for a service of—it matters not! In passing through a village, resistance was offered by the Canadian settlers—a hot skirmish followed—my riflemen and the peasantry fought hand to hand. A youth, of barely twenty years, was foremost in the lines of our opponents. I had marked a resemblance in his features to the hoary miscreant who had perished at the yard-arm of the Pelican—I heard a comrade call to him by name, and that name sealed his fate. He was the son of mine accursed enemy; thrice my good sword gored his bosom, and as he fell the strife was over. I was gazing with a hard and bitter satisfaction on the stiffening features of the dying man, when two women, one in a green old age, the other young and most lovely, but with that damning likeness in her features, for which I had slain her brother, threw themselves upon the body, wailing in pitiful agony. But it awoke no pity in my heart. The devil was busy with me—I was not myself. I am almost ashamed to write; but truth must not be stifled, and, blessed be the Lord, better thoughts have now the rule over my passions, and I have repented of my vengeful blood-shedding. My sword yet frothing with the brother's blood was raised to smite the parent and the sister—"Perish," I had cried aloud—"Perish, as she"—my words were interrupted, for again she stood before me. Pure and uncorrupted she was there amidst the gore and smoke, the unseemly sights and the tremendous sounds of a battle field—invisible to every eye but mine, she stood before me face to face—severe in heavenly indignation; but my fury was at an end on the instant; vengeance was dead in my breast, as quickly as fire beneath the purer element, dead and for ever. Again that lovely smile, and she was gone. Thenceforth I fought for glory and a grave. Years hurried by amidst the stormy events that led to the revolution which has thus far proceeded, as it would seem, under the guidance of the God of battles. With a sad but chastened spirit I mourned for ever; but, even mourning, I mingled in

the councils and in the battles of my country. My fiery passions were tamed down; my grief was placid and tender in its character, ever looking forward to the hour, when we should be again united. For that we shall be so united, I have never doubted. It were a sin to doubt—what! when the cerements of her bloody grave have been burst asunder; when I never meditated a crime, but she, my guardian angel has stood by, to bar me from its full performance, shall I presume to doubt, that she is in a state of blessedness; and that, in heaven's own mercy, power has been permitted to her, to preserve me—wretched, headstrong mourner that I am—unspotted from the trials and the guilt of this nether world, that I too may be joined to her in bliss eternal? Years, I have said, had passed between that revelation and the hour when she again was manifested, for the last time, to mine eyes. Again I was preserved from a crime, which, though in the world's eye it may appear as trivial, yet would have been, if I can judge aright, the deepest and the blackest-dyed of all my manifold transgressions. But I was preserved. You cannot have forgotten that lovely and most artful girl; she was of English blood, adopted by one among the bravest of those French officers, who lent their aid to snatch this noble country from the ill-judged oppression of her foreign masters. You cannot have forgotten the assiduous attention which she, no less than her guardian, ever paid to me. You cannot have forgotten, that you warned me once to beware how I surrendered to her witcheries, and that you were answered—"Fear nothing, I am forearmed." In truth, so strongly was I fortified by my never-forgotten love for her, who still was all in all to me, that I hesitated not to smile, and jest, and desport myself in exciting the vanities of that heartless coquette. It was wrong, to say the least, and it was nearly fatal to me! fatal both here, and—if I err not—hereafter. When they found that I had no thoughts beyond the amusement of an hour; that I was no less distant from a declaration than at the first hour of my acquaintance, they had recourse, the girl and her artful protector, to base stratagem, which but too nearly proved successful. Temperate, no less by habit than by inclination, I rarely joined in the festivities which, in a garrison, too often degenerate into license and debauchery. To the honor of my gallant countrymen, the iron-headed, inflexible patriots of the revolution, be it spoken, such scenes never disgraced their simple leaguer; but with our gay allies, fresh from the allurements of the French metropolis, the dance, the song, and the deep carouse, were regular in their succession to the hard fought battle or the toilsome march. I do not now remember what was the occasion upon which I was entangled in their frivolous society, and found it a matter of impossibility to escape from their protracted banquet. Never, before that night, had the subtle poison of their maddening wines polluted my palate. I was unaccustomed to, and at the same time ignorant of their strength, and when at a late hour we adjourned to the society of the ladies, easy and unzoned as that society was, the champagne which I had taken freely had almost maddened me. La Belle Louisa perceived the success of her machinations; I was flattered, piqued, and rallied by turns, till my southern blood was boiling with excitement; she proposed a walk into the moonlight garden, and there, there beneath the starry witnessses of my perfidy, in one hour of intoxicated madness, I was about to condemn myself for ever. My arm was round her waist, her hand trembled

in mine, her head leaned on my shoulder, and her bosom throbbed against mine in false and feigned affection. Even at that moment, when I so nearly forfeited thee forever, never, my murdered angel, never did my heart swerve from its allegiance. The passions of my youth, long-curbed but not extinct, had burst their barriers; I was half frenzied, utterly deceived. The fatal words were trembling on my tongue; another instant, and I should have been the accepted lover—and of what! Even at this moment, with a fearful cry she started from my arms—her gaze had been directed upward, and had fallen upon that all-powerful arbiter, thy star—my own, my only love. “It moves,”—she cried—“The star!”—Terrified from her self-possession she had betrayed herself, and had all other manifestation been withheld, I should have been preserved. Had she been sincere in her passionate love, how could she have noted the aspect of a star! but other manifestation was not wanting. I looked and saw that sanguine glare for the last time, I saw the guardian spirit at my side, pallid and mournful, but not indignant; nay, more, it was but for a second’s space before the wanness of grief had vanished in an irradiation such as I had never before witnessed, even on that angelic face. She knew, that though the flesh was weak, the heart was faithful; she bent her eyes upon me with a glance of tenderness,—which is even now before me,—so spiritual was it in its ineffable benignity—she pointed once again, I thought triumphantly, aloft, and vanished. Bareheaded, I fled from the presence of the foiled enchantress, and from that hour my temptations ended. Passions, vengeance, anguish, have yielded to a calm and melancholy acquiescence in the mercies of the Eternal. I am, I have been, I trust, for many years, a Christian—a true and fervent, though an erring, Christian.

To night, while I write this, my heart is lighter, and my spirit less restrained, than it has been, since first you called the man of sorrows, whose history you are about to learn—your friend. The enemy is close before us; a battle, a decisive battle, must be fought to-morrow. For thee, my country, I feel no apprehensions. The Lord of Hosts is on our side, on the side of truth and liberty, and we must conquer! For myself, to thy hands I resign me, Eternal Ruler of events, submitting myself wholly to thy pleasure, yet trusting humbly, even as I believe fully, that to-morrow will put an end to all my sins, and all my sorrows. My star is bright this evening, brighter than it has ever seemed to me before! Adieu! my only friend on earth; if I should fall to-morrow, this will be thine before a week has passed; if I should still survive, despite of my presentiment, the spell may be broken which has led me to this conviction. But, no! no!—that can never be.—Adieu! adieu!

When the above document came to hand, which is here given for the first time to the public, without a single alteration, saving the omission of a name, even as it came from the pen of the writer,—the glowing mind, whose impress is on every line, had gone—as he himself has worded it—to that region, where we see no more through a glass darkly, but face to face. He had fallen, as he had believed and prayed that he should, in the arms of victory, and in the full and happy conviction, that he was passing at once into the presence of her, whom he had loved so constantly and well.

LORD NIAL, A ROMANCE IN FOUR CANTOS. THE WIZARD'S GRAVE, AND OTHER POEMS. BY J. M. M. PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOYLE, No. 12 LIBERTY-STREET, NEW YORK. 1834.

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear calm eve's declining ;
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.

It is, perhaps, scarcely possible that any original poem should be unworthy of the critic's notice, unless it be in the single instance of calm, dull, waveless mediocrity. For as your regular-featured beauty has in all ages been liable to the charge of insipidity, and has continually had the mortification of seeing some little *agaçante* grisette or other, with a *nez retroussé* and eyes of no particular color, preferred to her faultless but unimpressive charms, in consequence of some arch dimple, or *piquante* expression ; so has the regular, monotonous, faultless poem, with its sonorous flow of versification, its correct plot, its dignified sentiments, never, perhaps, sinking below par, but never rising above the even tenor of its way—been compelled, however reluctantly, to make way for some racy little *morceau*, resplendent with the warm tints of genius, but at the same time tainted with its eccentricities.

If an original poem be utterly and irretrievably vicious, if it be evident on the first glance, that “neither men, nor gods, nor columns,” have permitted the miserable perpetrator to be a poet, it then becomes the duty—we have considered the phrase—the imperative duty of the critic, to hint, as courteously as possible, to the unhappy wight, that melancholy truth, that though he should write to all eternity, he will never find readers to bestow their time, or what is to him of more importance, purchasers to expend their money in the acquisition of his lucubrations. Again, if some star of the first order burst upon his sphere, with what delightful sensations does the reviewer apply the mental telescope, not for his own satisfaction only, but for the pleasure and the benefit of thousands ; how does he hang in rapture, over some minute and scarcely discoverable beauty, which had at first escaped even his keen-sighted investigation ; how does he close his eyes, dazzled with splendor, and almost drunk with inspiration, and meditate in silence on the long train of lustre which the departed luminary has spread over the intellectual horizon.

More arduous, however, and of far more frequent occurrence, is the task, when some production is laid upon his table, teeming, perhaps, with inspiration, and glowing with a thousand gems ; yet deformed by occasional puerilities,—rendered almost unintelligible by want of connexion, and of that *lucidus ordo* which, absolutely indispensable in argument or eloquence, is scarcely less needful in the more erratic department of the muse—or in a word, marred by any of the thousand and one *genera* of defects, to which the works of inspiration are ever liable. Here, too, it is, that there is not only more scope for his acumen, but more utility in his strictures ; for although it must ever be delightful to a noble mind to award

its fitting meed to genius, and though it be the critic's duty to whip the babbler from the field, still there is infinitely less advantage to the auctorial world from the exercise of these portions of his office, than from the encouragement of youthful progress joined to the fitting reprehension of youthful extravagance, inasmuch as the composer of your literary comet is above all correction, and the perpetrator of your iniquitous trash for the most part incorrigible.

When it is considered how very few writers,—notwithstanding the old Roman's positive assertion, that a man is born, not made, a poet—have risen above mediocrity in the first essay of their unfledged pinions, while many, even among those who, in after days, have soared the most sublime and heavenly flights, have sunk well nigh to the abyss, it will at once be seen how all-important is this department of the critic's labor. When we reflect that Byron, incomparably the master-spirit of all modern bards, commenced his career by sending forth a volume of mere milk-and-water, of washy, jingling nothings, beneath the notice of the meanest poetaster—and that it was not until he had writhed under the lash of indignant criticism, that he awoke to the knowledge of his own unrivalled powers, how shall we dare to stigmatize the critic's duty as base or profitless?

Since Byron has risen to the pride of place which he attained in later days, it has been usual to blame as harsh, and even as malignant, the remarks in that ablest of all periodicals, the *Edinburgh Review*, which launched into the world "the British Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and was, without a doubt, the immediate cause of the unexampled rise of that lashed stripling, to the highest pinnacle of English literature. Whatever were the intentions of the writer, it is nevertheless clear to us that his remarks were beneficial; it is almost evident to us, that had the first namby pamby of the noble minstrel been fostered, and be-praised, and exalted to the skies—as it has unfortunately become the mode to laud all sorts of books—Byron would have continued to sing in the same watery strain, and would have ended his career, as he began it, a mere scribbler. We have been led into these remarks by the perusal of *Lord Nial*, a poem undoubtedly of much merit, and exhibiting such glimpses of true poetic fire, as induce us to think the author capable of higher things: capable, indeed, of sustaining such a blaze throughout a continuous work, as should stand the test of comparison with the productions of any, but some two or three, of the most highly gifted writers of the day. The story is slight, but well adapted to the style of poetry which the author has attempted; and except in one instance, which is somewhat absurd, is well sketched out, though by no means equal in the several portions of its filling in. *Lord Nial*, one of the Red Branch Knights, already introduced to high celebrity by the National Bard of Erin, who so gallantly, but fruitlessly defended their emerald island against the encroachments of the second Henry—is enamored of a lady, sprung, though he knows it not, from the immortal beings who dwell beneath the waters of Killarney. His duty calls him to a hopeless struggle with the foe, his inclination bids "throw *honor* to the dogs;" and devote himself to love and Mary. Honor prevails—he tears himself away, rushes to the conflict, finds the British invaders disordered by a civil strife—caused by the *ruse* of his Mary—which is the most objectionable portion of the whole story: and after

enacting prodígies of valor, falls, worn out with labor and loss of blood. While lying at the very gates of death, a maid whom he recognizes at once for his bride, rushes down to the lake, pursued by a crowd of the invading soldiery, and plunges into the pure waters. From thence—for it is the first of May,—O'Donohoe, with all his fairy chivalry, arises in his annual procession, to the terror of the British and the great joy of Lord Nial; who thereupon takes the leap, is received into subaqueous mansions, and lives for ever in the arms of his Mary, in this lake paradise. So much for the story—the only fault of which is the assault upon Mac Art in his tent, by Mary and her attendant nymph, in the guise of warriors, contrived and executed for the sole purpose of setting the English by the ears; which might have been done equally well, by the exercise of a little invention, without the violation of keeping, and probability,—for even in the supernatural there is a probability which can never be set aside,—without instantly destroying the illusion, on the preservation of which every thing depends.

For the composition, it is, as we have observed before, extremely various in its merits—rising in parts to a very lofty elevation, and again sinking almost to a bathos. There is much originality, not in the conceptions only, but in the figures and language, although we should not have needed a note to inform us, that Scott in the descriptive, and Tommy Moore in the pathetic, were the especial favorites, and we believe we may add, the models of our author. Without any thing like plagiarism or servility of imitation, it is evident that the writer of Lord Nial has built both the structure of his verse, and the manner of his composition, upon the plan of these distinguished poets, and in many instances, with great success. There are, however, two or three objections to his poetry, which candor compels us to set fairly down, for we consider that “ought to extenuate” is an act of injustice, both to the writer and the reader. The first is hurry and general incorrectness; many of his best passages are spoiled by the introduction of an unsuitable word, or an obscure phrase, where a little labor, a little scratching of the head, and gnawing of the nails, would have produced a more appropriate selection, and rendered the faulty passage perfect. The second is, perhaps, an offset from the same tree; but we are rather inclined to believe that it arises from a slight inaccuracy of ear: we allude to an occasional inaccuracy of the metre. All lines, it is well known, consist not of a certain number of syllables, but of a certain number of accents occurring at regular and stated intervals, with more or less unaccented syllables attached to each accent, according as the verse is of the Anapæstic or Iambic metre. All words ought to retain the same accentuation in verse, which they possess in prose; and the adaptation of the accent of each word to the accented places in each metrical line, is that which composes harmony. To render ourselves more intelligible, we will extract a faulty line. It is of course evident to every ear, that the true pronunciation of the word *cascade* is according to the affixed accent, and that to call it *cascade* in prose, would be absurd. Now, in the truly lovely passage which we here extract from the opening of the poem, the beauty is marred by the necessity of either reading the word incorrectly, as *cascade*, to suit it to the metre, or of breaking through the regularity of the rhyme to adapt it to the word, and this, too, when there are a hundred others in the language, of

the correct accent, which would have equally well expressed the writer's meaning. We need not suggest torrent, streamlet, brooklet, when these *cum multis aliis* must occur to every reader.

The sun on many an Eden looks,
And glads their bowers, and gilds their brooks,
What time he first unrobes his breast,
And floats at morn on Indian main,
Till the red waters of the west
Have wooed him to their charms again;
And many a vale his beams make glad,
And many a hill, with wild flowers clad,
And many a mountain, crowned with snow,
And many a cascade's foamy flow,
And many a lake's transparent glow,
Rejoices in his ray;
But O! he lights not in his line,
From morn's first blush till eve's decline,
Such hills and flowers and floods as thine,
Dear subject of my lay.

In these glowing lines the accent regularly falls on the second, fifth, seventh, and ninth syllables, as

And má ny a moún tain crówn'd with snów,

but when we arrive at the objectionable line in question, we are puzzled by finding it diverge, unless we alter the established sound of a legitimate word,

And má ny a cas cáde's foám y flów,

leaving, contrary to all rule, an entire metrical foot, without any accent whatsoever, and destroying *in toto* the harmony of the passage.

These remarks, we would be understood to make in any spirit rather than that of unfair criticism or ill-natured detraction. Indeed, were we not convinced in our own mind, that the author is able to profit by our hints, and perhaps to benefit by them, we should not be at the trouble of pointing out small defects. It is, however, on the earlier charge of carelessness and obscurity, that we principally insist; and we entreat the author, when next he shall come before the public, to read and re-read his own composition, with as much of the carping spirit as he can assume, to cavil at the ninth part of a hair, and to debate on every dubious word. If he will do this, we cry *macte tuâ virtute*, and will almost venture to ensure to him eminent success. To make amends for the liberties which we have taken with our author, and for the somewhat rough handling which we have bestowed upon his errors, we will extract a long passage, which, as we consider it exquisitely true and beautiful, will prove, not only the sincerity of our own admiration, but of our wish that the world at large may admire more, and cavil less, than we have done.

Never was man more deeply wed
To Freedom, than the chief who led
That band to glory—it was he,
Who now, beside his charger's rein,
Sang to his lyre so pensively;

Nor has he waked the chords in vain ;
 For she, his spirit's pole star, hung
 All ecstasy, the while he sung,
 But kept her sacred to his gaze,
 Until he ceased his hymn of praise—
 For woman still delights to feel
 Her empire even when ruin's by
 — Delights to see her votary kneel
 — To hear his every tribute sigh.
 Thus Mary now ; but ere the thrill
 Of his last breathing wire was still,
 She sprang to meet her love below :
 But how shall minstrel paint her charms,
 As, robed in beauty's brightest glow,
 She sank within her warrior's arms ?

A feeling deep, but undefined,
 Of her love's fate, had exiled now
 That maiden coyness from her mind,
 Which haply else at such a meeting,
 Had urged her to a colder greeting,
 To wear, perchance, a cloudier brow ;
 But now each little wish to chide
 Was borne before her passion's tide ;
 She saw her love as on a rock,
 High tottering from an earthquake's shock,
 And ere that rock was hurled below,
 Could she look coldly on him ?—No !
 Ah, no ! that hour was all too fleet
 For love to waste it in deceit ;
 Such dalliance, and at such a time,
 Has less of modesty than crime ;
 On happier night she had betrayed
 The woman half—and half the maid ;
 But now, distracted—doubting—lonely—
 A woman all,—a woman only,
 She seemed, whate'er she was, the stranger
 Of every hope, of every danger,
 From hell beneath, or heaven above her,—
 But that which darkened round her lover.
 And now upon his heart she lies,
 Her arms around his shoulders thrown,
 Nor blushed that his, in ruder guise,
 Had formed a girdle for her own.
 And there they hung—how still, how long,
 The muse forbids her bard to trace ;
 'Twould ill become his vulgar song
 To note the length of love's embrace.
 And they were silent, each through fear
 To speak what each must grieve to hear—
 She, her lorn spirit's imaged wo,
 And he, that it was truly so,—
 That all was lost—even hope below.
 But what can lovers' lips conceal ?
 Words are of life no living part,
 And even at best but half reveal

The hope—the anguish of the heart;
 While every stifled smile or sigh
 Is mirrored in the living eye,
 But though it bares the spirit's glow,
 'Tis chiefly still its glass of wo:
 The beacon—the conductive power
 Of passion, in affliction's hour,
 When every glance, or bears its own,
 Or makes one other's miseries known;
 Now prone to furnish, now attract,
 Just even as thunder-clouds do act;
 Whiles grasping at the liquid chain—
 Whiles flashing back its light again.

With this passage we are compelled to close our notice of the work; not that there are not many other gems of equal, perhaps of superior beauty; but that we cannot give space to more. The whole of the second canto is feelingly and powerfully written, and were the whole piece sustained with equal spirit and sweetness, it were a poem to be selected out of a hundred. We cannot add another word, except to say that it is prettily printed, and got up with taste in all its details; and further, that we shall be happy to meet with our author again, and hope to award him, on a future occasion, more unqualified approbation.

SELF DENIAL,

In times of Public Adversity.

Sweet is the hospitable board of wealth,
 And sweet the sober goblet crowned with health,
 And music's notes, attuned in bower or hall
 By gentle hands, on willing ears to fall;
 But joys ill-placed, in adverse season show
 Hard levity and contempt of others' wo.
 From modest domes convivial cheer is fled,
 When angry suns deny the poor man's bread;
 And, when distemper walks the feverish earth,
 E'en rosy youth dissembles half his mirth.

Whilst all his comrades, on the bare cold ground,
 Doubtful repose in Rabba's trenches found,—
 Though wedded youth and beauty called away,—
 Alone the self-denying Hittite lay.

Slow toiling through the sandy solitude,—
 The precious draught,—Secander great and good,—
 Thy soul abhorred,—untouched,—while round were strewed
 The faint and dying partners of thy road.
 When pleasure called the dangerous cup to drain,
 'Twas thine to yield,—though easy to refrain;
 Not such the trial of that fiery plain.
 Pursue thy way, thou mighty! Thee thine hour
 Awaits at Babel's walls and mouldering tower.
 Then! Then, thine ardent course of glory o'er,
 Cease from ambitious toils, and thirst no more,
 Nor heed that crown to plundering vassals given,
 That kingdom "broken to the winds of heaven."

A. H.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF MARY STUART.

RIZZIO.

Bru. Do you know them?*Luc.* No, Sir; their hats are plucked about their brows,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them

By any marks of favor.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE shadows of an early evening, in the ungenial month of March, were already gathering among the narrow streets and *wynds* of the Scottish metropolis. There was a melancholy air of solitude about the grim and dusky edifices, which towered to the height of twelve or thirteen stories, against the gray horizon. No lights streamed from the casements, no voices sounded in loud revelry or chastened merriment from the dwellings of the gloomy quarter, in which the scene of our narrative is laid. The cheerless aspect of the night, together with the drizzling rain, which fell in silent copiousness, had banished every human being from the streets; and except the smoke, which eddied from the dilapidated chimnies, and was instantly beat down to earth by the violence of the shower, there was no sign of any other inhabitants, than the famished dogs which were snarling over the relics of some thrice picked bone. Suddenly the sharp clatter of hoofs, in rapid motion over the broken pavement, rose above the splashing of the flooded gutters, betokening the approach of men; and, ere a minute had elapsed, two horsemen, gallantly mounted, rode hotly up the street. The foremost,—bestriding, with the careless ease of an accomplished rider, a jennet whose thin jaws, expanded nostril, and flashing eye, no less than the deer-like springiness of its gait, and its unrivalled symmetry, proclaimed it sprung from the best blood of the desert,—was of a figure that could not be looked upon, however slightly, without awakening a sense of interest, perhaps of admiration, in all beholders.

His countenance, of an oval form, and of a darker hue than the blue-eyed sons of northern latitudes are wont to exhibit,—the full and somewhat wild expression of his dark eye, the melancholy smile which played upon his curling lip,—the pencilled mustachio, and the peaked beard—contributing to form a face that Antonio Vandyke would have loved to paint, and after ages to admire, when invested with the life of his rich coloring. His dress of russet velvet slashed with satin, his feathered cap with its gay* *fanfaron* and enamelled medal, his jewelled rapier, and the bright spurs in his falling buskins, were well adapted to the agile limbs, and slender, though symmetrical proportions of the horseman. The second rider was a boy,

* The *Fanfaron* was a richly fashioned chain of goldsmith's work, not worn about the neck, but twisted in two or more circuits around the rim of the cap or bonnet, and terminating in a heavy medal. It was probably of Spanish origin, but was much in vogue in the courts of Mary and Elizabeth.

whose black and scarlet liveries—the well known colors of all servitors of the Scottish crown—were but imperfectly hidden by the frieze cloak which had been cast over them, evidently for purposes of concealment rather than of comfort; yet, he too, like the gallant whom he followed, if any faith was to be placed in the evidence of raven hair and olive complexion, owed his birth to some more southern clime.

After winding rapidly through several dim and unfrequented lanes, the leading horseman, checking his speed, gazed around him with a doubtful and bewildered eye.—

“*Madre di Dio*,” he exclaimed at length, “what a night is here; a thousand curses on this learned fool, that he must dwell in such a den of thieves as this; or rather a thousand curses on the blind and heretical Scots, that drive a man of wisdom, beyond their shallow comprehension, to herd with the very outcasts of society. Pietro—what ho!” and he raised his voice above the key in which he had pitched his soliloquy, “knowest thou the dwelling of this sage—this Johan Damietta?—methought that I had noted the spot, yet have these sordid lanes banished the recollection. *Presto*, time fails already.”

Without uttering a syllable in reply, the page sprang from his horse, and pointed to the doorway of a mansion, dilapidated even more than those in its vicinity, yet bearing in its site the marks of having been constructed in former days, for the residence of some proud baron. Nor even now—although all the appliances of comfort were utterly neglected, although the casements were void of glass, and the chimnies sent up no volumes from a cheerful hearth—were the external defences of the pile forgotten; heavy bars of iron crossed and recrossed the deep-set embrasures, which once had held the windows, and the oaken gate was clenched with many a massive nail and plate of rusted iron. The cavalier alighted, cast the rein to his servitor, and with the single word—“Prudence”—ascended the stone steps, and struck thrice at measured intervals upon the wicket with his rapier’s hilt. The door flew open, but without the agency, as it appeared, of any living being, and, as the visitor entered, was closed again behind him with a heavy crash.

A narrow passage was before him, scarcely rendered visible by the flickering light of a tresset suspended from the ceiling, and nourished as it seemed with spirit, rather than with the richer food of oil. Uncertain, however, as was the illumination, it served to shew a second door, even more strongly constructed than the first, fronting the intruder at the distance of some ten paces; while the wall, perforated with loops for musquetry, or more probably, if the remote antiquity of the building were considered, for arrows, proved that the hostile intruder had effected but little in forcing his way through the outward entrance. It would be wrong, in the description of this difficult passage, to omit the mention of certain orifices, or slits, extending in length from the floor even to the ceiling of the side walls, but not exceeding a single inch in width, as they may tend perhaps to cast some light upon an invention of the darkest ages of Scottish history, the reality of which has been considered doubtful by acute antiquarians. From the upper extremity of these slits protruded on either side the blades of six enormous swords, which being placed alternately, and worked by some

concealed machinery, must inevitably hew to atoms, when once set in motion, any obstacle to their appalling sway. This was the dreaded sword-mill first discovered by the wizard Baron Soulis, and thence invested with superstitious terror, which was needless, at the least, when the actual horrors of the engine were considered. It is, however, probable that these gigantic relics of an earlier age were no longer capable of being rendered available at the period of which we write; at all events, they hung in rusty blackness, suspended like the sword of Damocles, above the head of the intruder, rendering his position awful at least, if not in reality insecure.

Notwithstanding the warlike and turbulent character of Scotland during the reign of Mary, there was, nevertheless, enough of the uncommon in the defences of this dark and dangerous entrance to have rivetted the attention of a man less anxiously engaged, than was the foreign cavalier. Apparently undismayed by the wild contrivances around him, the gallant strode forward to repeat his signal on the inner wicket, when a broad glare of crimson light produced by some chemical preparation, considered in that dark age supernatural, was shot into his very face from an aperture above, clearly displaying to some concealed observer the form and features of his visitor.

"Ha!" cried a voice so shrill and grating as to produce a painful impression on the nerves of the hearer. "Thou art come hither, sir Italian; enter then, enter in the name of Albinazar!—enter—the hour is propitious, and thou art waited for!" The door revolved noiselessly on its hinges, and a few steps brought the Italian to the chamber of the sage. It was a small and central cell without the slightest visible communication with the outward air. Books of strange characters, and instruments of singular device were scattered on the floor, the tables, and the seats; astrolabes, globes of the terrestrial and celestial world, crucibles, and phials of rare and potent mixtures, lay beside discolored bones, reptiles and loathsome things from tropical climes, some stuffed, and others carefully preserved in spirit. A huge furnace glimmered in the corner covered with vessels containing, doubtless, alembics of unearthly power; a large black cat, to which inoffensive animal wild notions of infernal origin were then attached, and a gigantic owl, perched on a fleshless skull, completed the ornaments of this receptacle of superstitious quackery, which was rendered as light as day, by the aid of some composition burning in a lamp so brilliantly as to dazzle the firmest eye. In the midst of this confused assemblage of things, useless and revolting alike to reason and humanity, the master spirit of his tribe was seated; a small old man, whose massive forehead, pencilled with the deep lines of thought, would have betokened a profound and powerful mind, had not the quick flash of the small and deeply seated eye belied, by its crafty and malignant glances, all symptoms of a noble nature.

"Hail, Signor David!" he said, but without raising his eyes from the retort over which he was poring. "Hail! methought that thou didst hold the wisdom of the sage mere quackery!—Ha! out upon such changeable, feather-pated knaves, who scoff before men, at that, which they respect—aye, which they tremble at in private. Tremble! well may'st thou tremble!—for thy doom is fixed. See," he cried, in a fearfully unnatural tone, as he raised the metallic rod, with which he had been stirring the contents of the glass vessel, and exhibited it dripping with some crimson colored

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liquid—"See! it is gore—thy gore, Signor David. Ha, ha, ha," and he laughed with fiendish glee at the evident discomposure of his guest.

"Nay, nay!—Good father"—he began, when the other cut him off abruptly—

"*Good Father*,—ha, ha, ha! *Good Devil*. Fool, dost think that thou can'st change the destinies, that were eternal, before so vain a thing as thou wast in existence, by thine unmeaning flatteries? I spit upon such courtesies!—*Good Father*—listen to my words, and mark if I be good. Thou hast risen by meanness, and flattery, and cringing, and vice; thou hast disgraced thy rise by insolence, and folly, weak, drivelling folly,—and thou shalt fall—ha! ha! ha!—fall like a dog—look to thyself—*good Father*! Begone, or thou shalt hear more, and that which thou wilt like even less than this—begone!"

"I meant not to offend thee," replied the astonished courtier, "and I pray thee be not distempered; I have broken in on thy retirement to witness that unearthly skill of which men speak, and I would ask of thee in courtesy mine horoscope, that I may so report thee"—

"Thou! thou report me, David Rizzio! The wire-pinching, sonnet-jingling, base-born cullion, report of Johan Damietta! Get thee away!—I know thee. Begone—nay, if thou wilt have it, listen: Bloody shall be thy end, and base. A Bastard foeman is in thine house of life. Tremble at the name!"—

"Rather," interrupted the Italian, enraged at the language of the conjuror, "rather let that Bastard tremble at the name of Rizzio; and thou, old man, I leave thee as I came, undaunted by thy threats, and unconvinced by thy jugglery."

"To-night! to-night!" hissed the old man, in notes of horrible malignity. "To-night shalt thou know if Damietta be a juggler. If thou would'st live—for I would have thee live, poor worm—fly from the hatred of the Scottish nobles—away!"

"Know'st thou," asked Rizzio, tauntingly, "a Scottish proverb—if not, I will instruct thee—framed, if I read it rightly, to express the character of their own factious brawlers? 'The bark is aye waur than the bite.' Adieu! old man; to-morrow thou shalt learn if Rizzio fears or thee, or thy most doughty brawlers."

"Ha! ha! ha! To-morrow—mark that—TO-MORROW!" and a yell of laughter burst from every corner of the chamber; the mixture in the retort exploded with a stunning crash, the lights were extinguished, and, without being aware of the manner of his exit, the royal secretary found himself beyond the outer gate of the wizard's dwelling, with a throbbing pulse, and swimming brain; but still, to do him justice, undismayed by that which his naturally incredulous and sneering turn of mind, rather than any clear conviction of the truth, led him to consider as a mere imposture.

Without replying a syllable to the inquiries of the terrified page, who had heard the frightful sounds within, he flung himself into his saddle, plunged the rowels into the flanks of the jennet till she reared and plunged with terror, and dashed homewards at a fearful rate, through alleys now as

dark as midnight. Nor did he draw his bridle, till he had passed the guarded portals of the palace, and galloped into the inmost court of Holyrood; there indeed he checked his courser with a violence which almost hurled her on her haunches, sprang from her back, and without looking round, hurried into the most private entrance and disappeared.

Scarcely had he passed through the gate-way, and ere yet the page had left the court-yard with the horses, when the sentinel, who had permitted the well-known secretary of the queen to pass unquestioned, brought down his partizan to the charge and challenged, as a tall figure, whose clanging step announced him to be sheathed in armor *cap à pié*, muffled in a dark mantle, with a hood like that worn by the Romish priesthood, drawn close around his head,—approached him.

“Stand ho! the word”—

“Another word! and thou never speakest more,” replied the other, in a hoarse, rapid whisper, offering a petronel, cocked, and his finger on the trigger, at the very throat of the astonished soldier. “The king requires no pass-word!”

“The king,” repeated the other doubtfully, “the king, I know not, nor would I willingly offend, but thou art not, methinks, his majesty.”

“Take that, thou fool, to settle all thy doubts,”—cried the other, in the same deep whisper as before—while casting his weapon into the air, he caught it by the muzzle as it turned over, and sank the loaded butt deep into the forehead of the unwary sentinel. The whole was scarcely the work of an instant; and ere the heavy body could fall to earth, the ready hand of the assailant had caught it, and suffered it to drop so gently as to create no sound. In another moment he was joined by three or four other persons similarly disguised, and followed by a powerful guard of spearmen. A heavy watch of these was posted at the principal gateway, and knots of others were disposed around the court at every private entrance, with orders to let none pass on any pretext whatsoever. “Warn them to stand back twice! the third time kill!” was the muttered order of the chief actor in the previous tragedy. “So far, my liege, all’s well”—he continued, turning with an air of some respect to another of the muffled figures of a port somewhat less commanding than his own huge proportions. “And Morton must, ere this, have seized all the remaining avenues.” While he was yet speaking, a slight bustle was heard at a distance, and in a second’s space they were joined by him of whom they spoke.

“How goes the business, Morton?” said the first speaker.

“All well!—the gates are ours, and not a soul disturbed—the villain sentinels laid down their arms at once, and are even now in ward! Let us be doing: a deed like this permits of no delay.”

“On, friends,—be silent, and be certain!”

And one by one they filed through the same portal by which the Italian had, so short a time before, sped to the presence of his royal mistress.

In the mean time, unconscious of the fearful tragedy, that was even then in preparation, the lovely queen, with her most trusted servants, the devoted David, and the noble Countess of Argyle, had retired from the strict ceremonies of the court circle to the privacy of her own apartments.

In a small antechamber, scarcely twelve feet in width, communicating with the solitary chamber of the queen, solitary,—for the notorious profligacy and insolent neglect of Darnley had left her an almost widowed wife,—the board was spread, glittering with gold and chrystal, and covered with the delicacies of the evening meal.

The beautiful Queen, freed from the galling chains of ceremony, her robes of state thrown by, and attired in the elegant simplicity of a private lady, sat there—her lovely features beaming with condescension and with unaffected pleasure, conversing joyously with those whom she had selected from her court as worthiest of her especial favor. Bitterly, cruelly had she been deceived in the character of him, whom she had in truth made a king; for whose gratification she had almost exceeded the rights of her prerogative, and given deep offence to her haughty and suspicious nobles,—having discovered, when too late, that, while possessed of all the graces and accomplishments that constitute an elegant and agreeable admirer, Henry Darnley was deficient, miserably deficient, in all that can render a man eligible as a friend and husband. Deserted, neglected, outraged in a woman's tenderest point, almost before the first month of her nuptials had elapsed, the flattering dream had passed away, which had promised years of happy, peaceful communion with one loved and loving partner. Ever preferring the society of any other fair one to that of the lovely being, to whom he should have been bound by every tie of love and gratitude, the king had early left his disconsolate bride to pine in total seclusion, or to seek for recreation in the society of those, whose qualities of mind, if not their rank, might render them fit companions for her solitude; and she, poor victim of a brutal husband, and unhappy mistress of a turbulent and warlike nation, fell blindly, but most innocently into the snare of her unrelenting enemies.

Of all who were around her person, Rizzio alone was such by habits, education, and accomplishments, as could lend attraction to the circle of a gay and youthful queen. Accustomed, from her earliest youth, to the elegant and polished manners of the French nobility, the rude and illiterate barons, with whom the highest grade of knowledge was the marshalling of a host for the battle field, and the highest merit, the fighting in the front rank when marshalled, could appear to her in no other light, than that of brutal and uneducated savages. What wonder, then, that a youth, well skilled as David Rizzio in all the arts and elegancies most suitable to a noble cavalier, handsome withal and courteous, attentive even to adoration to her slightest wish, and ever contrasting his cultivated mind to the untutored rudeness of the warrior Lords of Scotland, should have been admitted to a degree of intimacy by his forsaken mistress, innocent undoubtedly, and pardonable, even should we be disposed to admit that it was imprudent.

Two menials in the royal liveries waited upon that noble company, but without the servile reverence, which was exacted at the public festivals of royalty. The fair Argyle, who, in any other presence than that of her unrivalled mistress, would have been second to none in loveliness, jested and smiled with Mary more in the manner of a beloved companion, than of an attendant to a queen. But on the brow of David there was a deep

and heavy gloom, and when he answered to the *persiflage* and polished railleries of the queen, or that young countess, although his words were gay, and at times almost tender, the tones of his voice were grave, almost to sadness.

"What has befallen our worthy secretary?" said Mary, after many fruitless efforts to inspire him with livelier feelings. "Thou art no more the gay and gallant Signor David of other days, than thou resemblest the stern and steel-clad"—

Even as she spoke, it seemed as though her words had conjured up an apparition. For a figure sheathed in steel, from crest to spur, strode, with a step that faltered, even amidst its pride, from out the shadows of her private chamber, into the full glare of the lamps. The vizor was raised, and the pale brow, and haggard eye, the uncombed beard, and the corpse-like hue of the whole visage, better besemed the character of some foul spirit, released from its peculiar place, than of a noble baron in the presence of his queen. A loud shriek from the terrified Argyle first called the attention of Mary to the strange intruder. But David sate with his eye glaring, in a horrible mixture of personal apprehension and superstitious dread, upon the person of his deadliest foe.

"Arise, David, thou minion!—arise, and quit the presence to which thou art a foul and plague-like blot,"—cried the deep voice of Ruthven, ere a word had yet found its way to the lips of the indignant queen.

"Sir Patrick Ruthven—if our eyes deceive us not,"—she said at length, erecting her noble figure to its utmost, and bending upon him a glance which, hardened as he was in crime and cruelty, he could no more have met with his, than the vile raven have gazed upon the noon-day sun. "Sir Patrick Ruthven! we would learn what means this insolent intrusion?"

"It means, fair madam,"—replied Darnley, who now followed his savage instrument, accompanied by his no less fierce accomplices, the base born Douglas, the brutal Ker of Fawdonside, in bearing and in manners fitted rather for the guard-house than the court, and the most thorough ruffian of the party, Patrick de Balantyne. "It means that your vile minion's race is run!"

"Ha! comes the blow from thee? I might indeed have deemed it so,"—she replied, calmly, but scornfully. "What is your grace's pleasure?" And she smiled in beautiful contempt.

"My pleasure is that he—yon base Italian—yon destroyer of my honor, and of yours—of your honor, madam, if you know such a word—shall perish."

"Never, Henry Darnley! mine own life sooner!" And she confronted him with flashing eyes, and heightened color, her whole frame quivering with resolve and indignation. "Think'st thou to put a stain like this upon the honor of a queen? and that queen, too, thine own much injured wife!—Out, out upon thee! for an heartless, coward thing. A man—a brute—hath some affections;—hath some touch of love for those, who have loved him, as I have once loved thee;—of gratitude towards those, who have elevated him—not—no! *not*—as I have elevated thee! for never yet did woman lavish honor, power, kingdom, upon mortal man, as I have lavished them

on thee! Away—insolent and ungrateful, hence! Think'st thou to do murder, foul murder, in the presence of a woman—of a wife—a wife, soon, wretch that she is, to be the mother of a child;—of thy child, Henry? Hence, and I will forgive thee all—even this last offence! Banish these murderous ruffians from my presence,—spare an honest and a noble servant,—one who hath never, never wronged thee or thine! spare him, and I will take thee yet again unto my heart, and love thee—as I have loved thee ever, even when thou hast been most cruel—ever! Henry Darnley, ever!”

The king was moved, his lips quivered, and he would have spoken—all might still have been explained—all might have been forgiven—but it was not so decreed.

“Tush, we but dally”—cried the brutal Ruthven—“we but dally!—On, gentlemen, and drag the villain from the presence.”

Foremost himself, he strode to seize the unarmed wretch, who, broken in spirits, and appalled more, perhaps, by the recollection of the wizard's doom, than by the sordid fear of death, clung to the robe of his adored mistress—poor wretch—as though the altar itself would have been to him a sanctuary against his ruthless murderers.

“Mercy”—shrieked the miserable queen. “Mercy, for the love of him that made you! Mercy—Henry—mercy for my sake, or if not for mine, mercy for thine unborn infant's sake! Ruthven, villain,—false knight—uncourteous traitor—forego thy hold.” And she struggled madly with the assassins. “To arms”—she screamed in shriller tones—“to arms—Oh, God! Oh, God! have I no guards—no friends—no husband? O, that I had been born a man, and ye should rue this day. Aye! and ye shall rue it!”

Ruthven had clutched his victim with a grasp of iron, and whirling him from his frail tenure, cast him to the attendant murderers. “Spare him,”—she shrieked once more—“spare him, and I will bless you! Aye, strike!” she continued in calmer tones, as the ruffian Ker brandished his naked dagger at her throat—“and thou, too, fire—fire upon thy mistress and thy queen.” Maddened by her resistance, and fearful that the citizens might rise in her behalf, Balantyne cocked his petronel. “Fire, thou coward—why dost thou pause? I am a woman, true!—a queen—a wife—about to be a mother—but what is that to such as thee? Fire, and make your butchery complete!”

But as the words passed from her lips the bloody deed was over. Even in the presence of the queen, dirk after dirk was plunged into the unresisting wretch; long after life was extinguished, the maddened assassins continued to mangle the senseless clay with their blood-thirsty weapons. So long as life remained, and so long as the horrid strife was doubtful, did Mary's fearful cries for mercy ring upon the ears of those, who neither heard nor heeded her. The massacre was ended, and with a degree of unmanly insensibility that would alone have stamped him the worst and fiercest of his race, Ruthven seated himself before the outraged woman, the insulted queen, and calmly wiped his brow, still reeking with her favorite's life-blood. “My sickness,” he said, “must pardon me for sitting

in your presence. I had arisen from my bed to do this deed, and am now somewhat weary and o'erspent. I pray, your highness, command your minions to bear yon wine cup hither."

Without regarding for an instant this fresh insult, she dried her streaming eyes. "We have demeaned ourselves to pray for mercy from butchers. Tears are for men! I have one duty left me, and I will fulfil it—one aim to my existence—one study for my ingenuity—and one prayer to my God. My duty—mine aim—my study—and my prayer shall be, TO BE AVENGED."

H.

A REMARKABLE FACT.*

IN the spring of the year 1803, a notice appeared in several of the London papers, to the effect that the advertiser had found a large sum of money in bank notes, and that the owner might recover them by establishing his claim to the satisfaction of a certain Mr. Johnson or Mr. Smith, a solicitor, whose place of abode was designated. The advertisement continued to appear for several days in succession; it was then withdrawn, but in the course of a few more days, reappeared with a slight change in its terms, just sufficient to indicate, that the purpose for which it had originally been made public, was not yet accomplished. This second edition in like manner continued for some time to excite the speculations, the wishes, and the envy of numerous readers, and was in its turn followed by a third, a fourth, and a fifth, the latter of which bore date about two months after the first. In the mean time the circumstance had been quoted and commented upon by every newspaper in the kingdom; the sporting weeklies were made the proclaimers of several bets touching the sum, the name of the finder, and the probabilities of an owner appearing to claim the lost mammon; and even the magazines had something to say of the very remarkable fact, that any amount of bank notes should go begging so long for a proprietor. It will be understood therefore, that greater publicity could not be given to any event, than was bestowed upon this bundle of treasure, and the wish of the present possessor, that it should fall once more into the hands of its legitimate master.

The fifth edition had appeared for some days, and the solicitor, to whose management the affair was entrusted, was on the point of advising his client, that nothing more was to be done except to enjoy his good fortune; when a claimant appeared, as it were at the eleventh hour. He announced himself as one of the partners of an extensive banking establishment in

* This fact, singular and improbable as it may appear, did positively occur, and having afforded much scope for conjecture and theory, as well as for police investigation, we have been induced to insert it; partly, we confess, with a view of inducing some of our valuable contributors to rack their brains, and if possible to discover some plausible method of accounting for this wonderful occurrence.

Yorkshire; and requested an interview with the advertiser. This was, of course, granted at once; and the two gentlemen with their respective solicitors met at the hour and place appointed.

The preliminaries were soon adjusted; that is taking the fact into consideration, that two lawyers had gotten their fingers into the pie; the next step was for the claimant to make known the grounds of his belief, that the money belonged to his house. In the first place he gave the amount; and it was admitted that he was correct in his description so far; the notes were of the value of eight thousand pounds. But beyond this, his tale was abundant in difficulties. The notes were of various banks and denominations, and had been paid to his house on the third day of May, as he knew, not only from the books of the concern, but from a private memorandum made at the time by one of the partners; for some particular reason, which he either did not explain, or the writer of this narrative has forgotten, they had not been thrown into circulation immediately, as was the general custom of the house; but had been deposited with some other papers of value, in an iron chest of which only the partners had keys, and this chest was locked up in a vault, to which none of the clerks had access. The loss of the money had not been discovered until the day previous to that on which he had started for London, and he was entirely unable to conjecture how, or by whom, it had been taken away.

This was all the account the banker could give of the matter; neither the iron chest nor the vault gave the least evidence of having been forced; the keys had never been out of the possession of some one of the partners; and nothing else appeared to have been taken. The notes had been received from various persons, and he had not yet been able to ascertain any particulars by which they could be identified, farther than that the receiving clerk of the banking house remembered one of them to have been a bill of the Bank of England for five hundred pounds, and to have had upon it a large spot of red ink. The other partners were now engaged in making inquiries, by which they hoped to be able, in the course of a few days, to identify at least some of the others.

At this stage of the proceeding, it was suggested by Mr. Johnson—if that was his name—the solicitor, that one of the officers of the Bank of England, in which the money had been deposited by the finder, for safe keeping, should be requested to attend; and in the course of three quarters of an hour, he made his appearance. In reply to a question from the solicitor, the banker again stated that the bills were received by his house on the third of May, at about eleven o'clock in the morning; his description of the five hundred pound note was admitted to be correct, but the gentleman from the bank produced a minute from his book of entries, by which it appeared that it was on the third day of May, at three o'clock in the afternoon, that the notes were placed in his hands; and it was proved that the first notice of the finding, had been published on the morning of the fourth; if the notes were those alluded to by the Yorkshire gentleman, they must have been taken from his bank and conveyed to London, a distance of more than two hundred miles, in less than four hours, a performance of which all admitted the utter impossibility.

At a subsequent day, another partner arrived in town, having succeeded

in ascertaining the sums and descriptions of several of the lost notes; his memorandum was compared with the bills deposited in the bank, and found to agree; but his testimony, as to the time of the receipts of the money, corresponded precisely with that of the first comer. He declared that it was very strange, but there was no contending against the fact, that the notes were in the custody of the Bank of England within four hours from the time at which, if the same, they undoubtedly were in Yorkshire. The finder alleged that he had picked them up in St. James' Park, that they were done up in a paper, and tied with a piece of red tape; and that he had immediately on discovering the contents of the parcel to be so valuable, taken a cab and proceeded at once to the bank.

These were the statements and facts relied on by the parties in relation to their respective claims upon the deposits. The matter continued to be a subject of wonder, investigation, and controversy for some months, but nothing appeared to clear up the mystery. The proof adduced by the bankers, of the identity of the notes and the time and manner of their coming into the bank, was abundant and irresistible; and equally so was the evidence as to the time of their appearance in London. The dispute was at length compromised, the finder consenting to give up his claim, upon condition that the bankers should pay certain sums to certain specified charities; but the puzzle remains to this day as perplexing and perfect as ever.

"THE WAVES THAT ON THE SPARKLING SAND."

I.

The waves that on the sparkling sand
 Their foaming crests upheave,
 Lightly receding from the land,
 Seem not a trace to leave.—
 Those billows, in their ceaseless play,
 Have worn the solid rocks away.

II.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh
 Amid the forest bower,
 So gently as they murmur by,
 Scarce lift the drooping flower.
 Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,
 Spring's withered beauties to the tomb.

III.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
 Their impress leave behind:
 And spirits which their bonds would spurn,
 Their blighting traces find.
 Till altered thoughts, and hearts grown cold,
 The change of passing years unfold.

E. F. E.

THE HOUR OF WO.

I.

O leave me alone with my sorrow,
 Nor ask me again to be gay;
 For the chords of my heart are unstrung,
 And grief hath dominion to-day.
 Then why should the features be bright with a smile,
 When the soul is all cheerless below,
 As the cold sun of winter, illuming in vain
 Some bleak waste of desolate snow?

II.

O leave me,—I fain would be sad,
 Would commune alone with my wo!
 Believe me, my sorrow is sweeter to-day,
 Than the pleasures, which pall as they flow.
 Earth has not a joy, that the spirit can taste,—
 No, not in love's passionate bliss,—
 Which can match the luxurious enchantment of tears,
 In the grief of an hour like this.

III.

They may talk of the banquet, the flow of the soul
 O'er the wine-cup's enthralling delight;
 They may talk of the dancer's exciting career,
 Or of minstrelsy's heart-stirring might;
 But sweeter the flow of a mellowed regret,
 When the anguish of wo hath gone by,
 When the heart can smile back on the mist of its tears,
 And no bitterness breathes in the sigh.

IV.

Then leave me—'t were cruel to stay!
 For the shadow is dark on my mind,
 And dearer to me is fond memory's gloom,
 Than the dearest that linger behind.
 The hope for the future,—the tear for the past,—
 The sigh for the friend that's away,—
 O banish them not from their shrine in my heart,
 But leave me to sorrow to-day.

FROM THE GREEK OF ÆSCHYLUS.

Jove! Father Jove!—Heaven bows to thy command.
 Their secret crimes unseen thou dost demand
 From Gods, from Mortals.—Yea! thou dost descend
 To judge the wrongs of Brutes and be their friend.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &c.

THE ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS; BY COLE. ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, BARCLAY ST. This large original, from the pencil of an Artist who deservedly stands among the very first of the present day, and who has certainly exhibited paintings which it would be difficult, if possible, to match on this side the Atlantic, although undoubtedly a composition of much merit, both in design and execution, is not all that we should have looked for at the hands of Mr. Cole; nor, in truth, is it all what he could have produced. The general *coup d'œil* of the picture is by no means so striking as it might have been, had the effect been managed differently, and the execution is by no means equal. The right hand portion of the picture, occupied by the moonlight landscape, the gray twilight sky, and their accessories of hill, and water, and scattered buildings, is beautifully painted, true in its keeping, perfect in tone and in the *chiaro scuro*; the foreground is not, on the whole so good; nor are the figures by any means worthy of so fine a thing, as this might have been rendered at the expense of a little extra time and labor. The part, however, which is in our eyes the most objectionable, is that pertaining to the vision. There is a rawness, an air of unfinish, or rather we should say, of incompleteness about the glory which embosoms the celestial visitor, which by no means accords with the labor so successfully employed on the opposite extremity of the picture. There is an air of meanness too, or at least a want of dignity in the angel, who is in fact, or ought to be, the most important object of the whole, while the rest of the heavenly host are dwindled into aerial atoms, far different from our preconceived impression of

The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Seen in their glittering ranks with wings
displayed.

The story is not sufficiently told, nor is it by any means clear to us, that a spectator, ignorant of the subject, would dis-

cover the point of the piece. As a whole, there is a patchy and somewhat piebald appearance, which always strikes our eyes offensively—one half bright light, the other half deep shadow. That the subject is one of considerable magnitude in every sense of the word,—that is, one which offers many and arduous difficulties to the bold artist who has undertaken it,—is not a sufficient reason for our being satisfied with an inferior picture. When we say inferior, we would, however, be understood to speak of relative rather than positive inferiority. For to speak of the composition as inferior, otherwise than with reference to the well known powers and high celebrity of the artist who gave it birth, would be the height of ignorance and of injustice. There is perhaps no painter, very few undoubtedly, in the United States, who could produce a picture at all comparable, either in conception, design, or finish, to the work in question; and if we have spoken of it with less approbation than persons may consider it to merit, it is rather that from Mr. Cole we expect great things, than that this is to be esteemed as a failure.

The great *chef d'œuvres* of the greatest masters have, if traditionary tales be true, cost them long days of anxious thought; have stood for months, perhaps for years, upon the easel in their various stages of design and filling; have been laid aside for a time, and then again resumed, lest, as is too commonly the case, by daily habitude the eye might become so thoroughly accustomed to defects, as to be no longer capable of exercising its discrimination. Friends have been consulted, strangers have been admitted, unrestrained by the visible presence of the artist, who has, although unseen, listened from some ambushed corner, and profited by the remarks of these unconscious critics. Mr. Cole has perhaps been misled by the consciousness of high powers, into an idea that he could strike off what we conclude he intended to be his *chef d'œuvre*, in a far more limited space of time, and consequently the work which he has produced is not, when set in competition

with his own earlier pictures, above third rate. This we regret extremely, as we had formed the loftiest expectations on hearing the announcement of the Angel; and, although greatly admiring portions, as we have specified above, we cannot but confess, that, taking it all in all, we have been most wofully disappointed.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS. NO. IX. It is with no small degree of pleasure that we look to the successive numbers of this well conducted periodical, which is hardly inferior to works of the same description, published with all the beautiful adornments of the London press, and the embellishments of the best English engravers. The present number is good, not so good as some which contain engravings from the Burin of our favorite Durand, but still considerably above par. One of the illustrations, by Kelly, is particularly worthy of notice, the lights and shadows are well kept, the cutting is good, and the execution of the flesh for the most part delicate and true. To this, however, there is one exception. Mr. Kelly has finished the extremity of the nose somewhat singularly, and no less injudiciously, by a set of concentric circles, the effect of which is precisely that of representing a large smooth carbuncle on the end of that important feature. It is a pity that this error should have occurred in a print deserving of such high commendation for its other excellencies; still there is enough in it to assure us that Mr. Kelly is equal to much, to more than we had previously imagined, and that in his elegant art, he has but few American superiors.

While we are upon the subject of the Fine Arts, we cannot refrain from adding a few words relative to two of the brightest ornaments of our country in this department, and to whose extraordinary talents we have frequently alluded in our former numbers. We are aware that it may be considered somewhat foreign to our purpose, to notice the affairs of artists otherwise than as touching their productions. This we should be exceedingly unwilling to admit as a rule in all cases, particularly where, as in the present case, we conceive the occurrences, to which we are about to allude, of vital importance to the cause of the Fine Arts.

It is of course familiar to all our readers that, for the space of several years, two American Artists have stood among the first—nay, the very first in their own peculiar style—of the English Academy, Newton and Leslie. With regard to the first of these eminently gifted individuals, we have but a few words to say, and

these of a nature in all respects most gratifying to our feelings.

In a periodical devoted partially to the Fine Arts, it is no less fitting to announce the departure of those brilliant lights who have so long ministered to our pleasure, than to record the appearance of their works; and it was with a heavy heart that we saw a few days since a prospect of being compelled to add a paragraph containing the mournful record of Stuart Newton's premature decease. What then must have been our delight at seeing the false statement corrected, with the cheering intelligence that, although he had been reduced almost to the doors of death, he was entirely out of danger, and in a state of rapid convalescence. It is rather with a view to express our own feelings on this occasion, than to give any actual information to the public, who have doubtless been long ago informed of this joyful event by the columns of the daily press, that we have introduced the present notice.

As respecting Mr. LESLIE, we have more to say, and of a graver character; and, unwilling as we are to commit ourselves by open censure of any individuals or party, if the reports, current universally, at the present moment be true, we will not hesitate to declare that the course which has been pursued, with respect to this eminent artist, is in the highest degree outrageous, and disgraceful to our country. It was with a glow of gratification, with a feeling of respect for our own institutions, and with the most brilliant forebodings for the prospects of the American School of painting, that we heard that Mr. Leslie had quitted the foreign land, which he has beautified with so many works of art, and was about to take up his abode among us, installed in the professorial chair of the West Point Academy. We felt proud that our country should have the means and the will of drawing Mr. Leslie from that land, which be her faults as numerous as they may, has at least the merit of appreciating and fostering the talents of distinguished men. We were of course aware that the professional income of a painter, celebrated as he of whom we speak, must necessarily have been very large; and we did, in truth, marvel not a little, that any inducements could have been offered, which should have tempted him from the enviable position he occupied, in every view, in England. We understand, however, that every means had been taken to secure to him all comforts, all emoluments, and all respect, which could be conceded by those who have the direction of affairs in that most excellent institution, to which he was about to attach himself. A few months only have elapsed since Mr. Les-

lie returned, amidst the applause and congratulation of his approving countrymen, to occupy the station which was only considered, by those who knew the talents of the man, too humble a tribute to his merits. A few months have elapsed, in which, if report speak not with more than its accustomed fallacy, he has found that all the prospects, which were held out to him before his arrival, have proved false; that all stipulations entered into, with regard to those considerations, to which every man of common prudence must look, have been wilfully, deliberately, and basely broken. Mr. Leslie is about to quit, may have already quitted—for all we know—the shores of his—alas, that we should write the words,—of his *ungrateful country*. He has done well, and nobly! An artist must regard not his own feelings, his own emoluments, his own dignity alone, but that of the fraternity. If Mr. Leslie had submitted to this vile treatment, the character of all the gentlemen attached to this noble and intellectual pursuit would have been lowered in the eyes of the world. Mr. Leslie has done well to shake the dust from off his feet, and return to regions which have the taste to discriminate between painters and daubers, and the sense and liberality to manifest their gratitude for their services, their respect for their abilities.

If we write warmly, it is that we feel warmly. With whom the disgrace rests we know not, nor do we care. With political parties we have nothing, we wish to have nothing, in common; but in a matter such as this, which reflects discredit on the taste, the judgment, the liberality, nay more, the national honor of our whole community, we will raise up our voice at least against it; and tell the men who, for the paltry consideration of dollars and cents, have suffered a man like Leslie to retire in disgust, that America will not thank them, that Europe will laugh them to scorn, and that the world will hold them up to the gaze of posterity as thankless and ungrateful. It is said that Mr. Weir is to succeed to the vacated chair. This appointment may be deemed satisfactory by the Directors, but they may rest assured that it will not be deemed so by the world at large. Mr. Weir is a young man of talent, though his paintings are liable to the heavy charge of *mannerism*, and with care, pains, and practice, may possibly be, at some future period, what Mr. Leslie has been for years, a first rate painter. Had the nomination fallen in the first place on Mr. Weir, of course, it would have been generally considered just and proper; but when, after dragging Mr. Leslie across

the Atlantic, merely, as it would seem, with a view to outrage his feelings, a set of persons pretend to elevate Mr. Weir to the same level with him, and to hold him up as one capable of filling Mr. Leslie's shoes, we can only say that the proverb of Horace will here apply,—

Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. In the general dearth of these, owing to the pressure of the times, as it is said, and to the prevalence of works partaking in too great a measure of the politics of the day, to suit our purposes, we can add but little under the present head.

POEMS by SAMUEL ROGERS. IMPORTED BY JOHN WILEY, 22 NASSAU-STREET. Of all the embellished works which we have seen, we unhesitatingly award the palm of beauty to this. The illustrations from designs by Turner, executed with a degree of exquisite finish that renders them equal to the finest engravings, are, without exception, the most lovely and masterly sketches that ever have been published as vignettes. We would particularly specify those which are appended to the voyage of Columbus—the departure from Palos—the discovery of the light by Columbus himself—the landing of the Europeans—and the demons exciting the storm, which had well nigh buried the discovery of America in total oblivion—which are in themselves scarcely less poetical than the poetry they are intended to adorn. Many of the British views are no less beautiful than those which we have here mentioned; and the whole volume is got up in the very first style of paper and typography. With regard to the merits of the *Pleasures of Memory*, there can be but one opinion; and, although we do not altogether conceive that Mr. Rogers has supported, in his later pieces, the very high reputation which he had acquired in the commencement of his career, we have ever considered this one of the sweetest and most pleasing, if not the most powerful or striking, of modern poesy. Latterly he has become somewhat indolent in his composition; his versification, although eminently smooth and harmonious, has become deficient in strength, too rambling, and diffuse in its texture, and entirely too conversational, to rank high as poetry; and it is moreover remarkable that, wherever the rhythm of any poem becomes diffuse, the matter will for the most part follow it, in becoming rambling, and even tame; not that the observations into which we have diverged can be applied to the poetry contained in the very beautiful volume

now before us; these being his earlier productions, which nearly raised their author to a par with Moore and Campbell, an elevated station in truth, and one which we hardly conceive him ever to have merited, and to which he will not, we fear, be deemed entitled in after ages. No doubt can, however, be entertained of the fact, that the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* is one among the ablest writers of the Georgian age, and the present volume the master-piece of his pen. We are aware that some critics of the day hold, or affect to hold, him superior to Campbell or to Tommy Moore; but although comparisons are, as it is said, odious, we will venture to affirm that there is no more equality between the writers of *Hohenlinden* or the *Irish Melodies* and him of Italy than there is between either of the above and the immortal Shakspeare. This, however, is not, perhaps, exactly to the point; we will therefore conclude as we began, by stating our extreme admiration of this literary gem, and by recommending it sincerely to the notice of all that class of readers who can appreciate rich, heavy, cream-colored, hot-pressed paper, elegant typography, and exquisite vignettes. If there be those who cannot admire these, we pity them, and—are silent.

SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS, BY OLIVER ANGELL, A.M., PRECEPTOR OF FIRST DISTRICT SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE. We have not had the leisure to give so full an examination to this little work, as we could have desired; as far, however, as we have looked into them, they appear to be judiciously compiled, and likely to be of service to the rising generation. Beginning from the earliest step, at which education can be said to commence, they form a set of six small volumes in progressive stages, ending with a *select reader* composed of passages from good authors, chosen generally with good taste; although we found some articles in it which we hardly consider fit to be held up to the admiration of boys. We are convinced that the powers of observation in boys commence at an age much earlier than is usually imagined; and if of observation, consequently of admiration, and next of imitation; and we have little or no doubt, but that the style of any person's writing is influenced, in a great measure, through after years, by the judicious or injudicious choice of subjects, which are put into their hands, while their minds are, like a waxen tablet, ready to receive the most delicate impressions. It is, perhaps, one of the subjects most generally interesting to all classes of persons, this same topic of education; much has been done towards its extension and improvement

since the commencement of the present century, yet much remains to be done hereafter. Many works now given to children are infinitely beyond the comprehension, not of children only, but of many adults; and, in most elementary works, it will be found that the definitions and explanations are far more intricate than the words, which it is their province to render easy to the imperfect comprehension. For instance, we find in every grammar such words as *modifications*! Now, we should greatly like to be informed where there is a child to be found—not of five or six years old, to whom such books are most frequently given, but of ten or even twelve years,—who can give the least explanation of the ideas awakened in his mind by such a sounding flourish as this. While the ideas are few, the only method of conveying new ones, is by assimilating that which is to be acquired to some already awakened notions, by pointing out the distinctions, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Now, a child not only can by no means understand such words as these, but there can be no means of even conveying to the limited understanding an idea of their possible signification: and the poor little imps are compelled to force down by rote, that of which they cannot even guess at the meaning, and are railled at, and perhaps punished, for their dullness, by the pedagogue who should rather scourge his own absurdity for placing such things in such hands.

THE WORKS OF HORACE, WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES, SELECTED FROM THE LARGER EDITION. BY C. ANTHON, LL.D. NEW YORK, G. & C. & H. CARVILL, 108 BROADWAY. This is no more than an abridged edition of Dr. Anthon's former edition, adapted for the use of learners, as the other was eminently so for maturer scholars. The learned editor has apologized, as it were, in the preface for two things, neither of which, in our opinion, stand in need of any apology. The one the absence of various readings, critical notes, and reasons for conjectural emendations, which though of course most interesting to the true lover of classic literature, are almost beyond the capacity of boys, how well-prepared soever they may be in the rudiments of the language; and we regret to add, that there are as yet but few, even of the riper scholars in our land, at the same time willing and able to devote their understandings to these *minutiae*, which constitute in fact the niceties of the Latin, as of every other language. The other thing which Dr. Anthon has, somewhat erroneously, thought it necessary to mention in an apologetic strain, is the introduction of explanatory notes, easy to be compre-

hended and suited to the mind, while yet in its waxen state—on all points of history, and mythology, at all connected with the text. These notes would doubtless appear dull, tedious, and unnecessarily minute, to one who understands the constitution, history, and literature of Rome as well, or perhaps better than those of his own land; but so would the primer appear dull and useless to the accomplished English scholar; and a man must indeed be foolish, beyond all degrees of recorded folly, who cannot perceive and understand, that the strong meat, which is but nutritious to the appetite of the adult, is rank poison to babes and sucklings.

We are glad to observe that the editor has bestowed much pains upon his prosodial laws and schemes of rhythm. There is no portion of classical education more miserably neglected throughout the United States, than the rules of metrical quantity; while, at the same time perhaps, no portion is more essential to the composition of a scholar and a man of letters. Men here, possessed of a general knowledge of the Classics, and able to read the dead languages fluently, and without resorting to Schrevelius or Scapula, are constantly making errors in their pronunciation, for which a fourth-form boy at a public school in England, would be flogged *a plusieurs reprises*. We hope that this blot upon our national school of classics may shortly be eradicated, and we are aware of no more probable method of producing so desirable a result, than that of furnishing beginners with works of standard merit, such as that which lies before us; instead of the miserable compilations, which swarm in all our institutions, and which every petty, pelting pedagogue, who can decline *hic, hæc, hoc*, thinks himself at liberty to put forth in an emended form.

LIVES OF EMINENT PAINTERS, BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, VOLS. IV. AND V. BEING PART OF THE SERIES OF HARPER'S FAMILY LIBRARY—Have this day made their appearance, completing this valuable portion of the useful work to which they are attached. The present volumes contain the lives of Jamesone, Ramsay, Rumney, Runciman, Copley, Mortimer, Raeburn, Hoppner, Owen, Harlow, and Bonington, included in the fourth; and those of Cosway, David Allen, Northcote, Beaumont, Lawrence, Jackson, Liversidge, and Burnet, in the fifth. No work has probably been issued from the press of any country that has gone farther to diffuse abroad among those classes of society in particular, to whom the sources of knowledge used to be within our memory as a corked phial or a sealed letter, that species of information which is most prac-

tical and valuable to mankind, than this series of the Family Library. No pains have been spared by the liberal and enterprising proprietors, to render it what it ought to be, a book of standard and general utility; and from the whole series, already swelled to a long list of volumes, it would be difficult to select more than one or two which are superfluous, or which could have been made superior within the prescribed limits of such a publication. The success of the Family Library is no longer, we are happy to say, experimental, or in the slightest degree, doubtful; for it would be indeed grievous, if it were found that the reading public were unwilling to extend due patronage to any thing, which in so high a measure must contribute to its own advantage.

PARK THEATRE.—MR. POWER. That most agreeable, most lively, and most thoroughly Hibernian actor, Power, has lately concluded a successful and universally applauded engagement at the Park. We are not aware that any performers of the day, not even the tragic Kembles, or the melodious Woods, have acquired the same degree of favor in the eyes of the public as Mr. Power. On his first arrival on our shores, the public hardly knew, from his first appearance, what estimate they ought to form of his abilities; so different was his representation of Irish characters, whether in high or low life, from any that had been previously given on the American boards. Mr. Power's first engagement was the commencement of an era in the particular line on which he has lavished all his talents, and the broad humor which he concentrates into his Irish peasant, or the refined and delicate wit, and amiable blundering, which he infuses with so much spirit into his Irish gentleman, were equally distinct from the coarse, boisterous, brawling vulgarity which had passed current on the stage, before his coming to shed a new light on the most reckless, most merry, and at the same time most pathetic, of all earthly personifications, that of the genuine Hibernian. After a while their eyes became, as it were, accustomed to the dazzling brilliancy of this new luminary; for a time, like men brought suddenly from midnight darkness into the full blaze of daylight, they were unable to see clearly; minute objects escaped their vision, injured as it had been, and weakened by the misapplication of its faculties. By degrees, however, recovering from this obliquity of sight, they began again to distinguish objects—they found themselves able to discriminate the neat hits, the slight but masterly touches, the quiet and subdued

merriment of this unrivalled comedian. They awoke from their doubts to a full conviction that Mr. Power on the stage is actually identified with the being whom he wishes to portray,—that all his art is nature,—that he is the prince of Irishmen, and the king of Comedy. We are happy to be enabled to add, that in Mr. Power's case, the approbation of the public has been testified in the most solid, and of course most gratifying manner, both as regards his feelings and his interests—as we have been assured, by the best informants, that his engagements have been decidedly the most profitable, and his benefit the largest of the season. He has now departed from our city for a time, on a tour through Pennsylvania, and particularly to Pittsburgh, at which place he had been particularly invited to a display of his histrionic talents, by a deputation which waited on him some time since at Philadelphia. May success attend him, no less than the mirth and frolic, which are his invariable companions whithersoever he goes, and the public and private greetings which he calls forth equally from his peculiar friends, and from the larger circle of his professional admirers.

Mrs. DRAKE. It was with much reluctance that we were compelled, during the engagement of this lady, to forego the gratification, which by all accounts we should have derived, from witnessing her performance. We have heard on all sides but one relation of the merits of Mrs. Drake. All persons pronounce her a tragic actress of the highest order, and indeed so many of whose taste and judgment we entertain the highest opinion, have spoken to us in the most enthusiastic manner of her performance, that if we ever varied from our established custom of laying before the public no opinions but such as are in truth our own, we should have been tempted to do so in the present instance. While we are on this subject, we must express our sense that, if it be true that Mrs. Drake is able to rival, or even to maintain any thing approaching to an equality with Miss Kemble, she has some right to feel hurt at the reception which she has experienced from the public. And in truth, although we are compelled to admit that we have

not many native actors of extraordinary merits, we cannot but think that our public have been partially themselves to blame. Several actors we have of very superior talent, especially we would designate Placide, who would, on any stage in the English world, command respect and admiration, and the public are very well disposed to admit this fact; nay, more, to talk largely, and lavish much praise, and many finely sounding words upon American actors. But, alas! they are too apt to fancy, that, when they have sent forth their *dicta* concerning the respective merits of native and foreign actors, that when they have proclaimed Mr. Parsons equal to Kean, Mrs. Drake superior to Miss Kemble, and so forth, they have done all that can with justice be expected from them; forgetting that long words will not pay even short bills, and that the actor who toils night after night for their gratification, does really, if he merit their good word, merit their more valuable support. These remarks have been elicited from us, by observing that even the best of our native actors can rarely command such benefits as they are entitled,—from their real worth, and still more from the rapturous encomiums with which their ears are continually greeted—to hope for and expect. To return to the lady from whom we have so widely digressed; we understand Ingunda, the Gothic Tragedy, which has already been announced, from the pen of a lady of our own city, has been transferred to her from Miss Kemble, who was originally to have presented it to the public. It is, we believe, decided that, on her next appearance, at the end of the present, or in the commencement of the ensuing month, she will become a candidate for popular favor in the new character of Ingunda; and we hope that the play-going world will put on the cap, which will, we apprehend, be found to fit the majority, and patronize the double display of national talent, resulting from the united efforts of an American Tragedian and an American Actress. We have been favored with a sight of the manuscript, and can, without hesitation, pronounce it far above the common run, and hold ourselves bound to pass a fuller sentence on it, when it shall have fairly come before the world.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested, that all literary contributions, intended by the writers to appear in the forthcoming numbers of the *A. M. M.*, may be forwarded to the editor, on or before the tenth day of the month preceding that, for which the articles are designed; as they will otherwise be unavoidably deferred to a later period.